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VARIATION SUR UNE « PENSÉE »

by PAUL VALÉRY.

Le silence éternel...

— Quels sons doux et puissants, demande Eustathe à Pythagore, et quelles harmonies d'une étrange pureté il me semble d'entendre dans la substance de la nuit qui nous enroure? Mon âme, à l'extrême de l'ouïe, accueille avec surprise de lointaines modulations. Elle se tend, pareille à l'espérance, jusqu'aux limites de mon sens, pour saisir ces frémissements de cristal et ce mugissement d'une majestueuse lenteur qui m'émerveillent. Quel est donc le mystérieux instrument de ces délices?

— Le ciel même, lui répondait Pythagore. Tu perçois ce qui charme les dieux, Il n'y a point de silence dans l'univers. Un concert de voix éternelles est inséparable du mouvement des corps célestes. Chacune des étoiles mobiles, faisant vibrer l'éther selon la vitesse, communique à l'étendue le son qui est le propre de son ombre. Les plus éloignées, qui sont nécessairement les plus rapides, fournissent à l'ensemble les tons les plus aigus. Plus graves sont

les plus lentes, qui sont les plus proches de nous ; et la terre immobile est muette. Comme les sphères obéissent à une loi, les sons qu'elles engendrent se composent dans cet accord suave et doucement variable, qui est celui des cieux avec les cieux. L'ordre du monde pur enchante tes oreilles. L'intelligence, la justice, l'amour, et les autres perfections qui règnent dans la partie sublime de l'univers, se font sensibles ; et ce ravissement que tu éprouves n'est que l'effet d'une divine et rigoureuse analogie...

Voilà ce que prêtait aux abîmes de la nuit le profond désir des anciens Grecs.

Quant aux Juifs, ils ne parlent des cieux qu'ils n'en célèbrent l'éloquence. Les nuits bibliques retentissent des louanges du Seigneur. Les étoiles, quelquefois, y paraissent confondues aux fils de Dieu, qui sont les anges, et cette innombrable tribu des esprits et des astres fait entendre à toute la terre une acclamation immense.

« Les cieux énoncent la gloire de Dieu, et l'ouvrage de ses mains est proclamé par le firmament. »

L'auteur des *Psaumes* ne trouve pas de termes assez énergiques pour exprimer toute la puissance de cette voix extraordinaire : « Le jour vomit au jour la parole divine, et la nuit enseigne la nuit. Ce ne sont point des babillages, ni de ces propos qui peuvent échapper à l'oreille, mais leur résonance se prolonge aux extrémités de la terre... *Non sunt loquelœ neque sermones quorum non audiantur voces eorum. In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum.* »

Et Jéhovah lui-même dit à Job : « Les étoiles du matin éclataient en chants d'allégresse. »

Pascal ne reçoit des espaces infinis que le silence. Il se dit « effrayé ». Il se plaint amèrement d'être abandonné dans le monde. Il n'y découvre pas Celui qui déclarait par Jérémie : *Cœlum et terram ego impleo*. Et cet étrange chrétien ne se trouve pas son Père dans les cieux... Mais au contraire,

« en regardant tout l'univers muet, il entre en effroi, dit-il, comme un homme qu'on aurait porté endormi dans une île déserte et effroyable... »

Effroi, *effrayé*, *effroyable* ; *silence éternel* ; *univers muet*, c'est ainsi que parle de ce qui l'entoure, l'une des plus fortes intelligences qui aient paru.

Elle se ressent, elle se peint, et se lamente, comme une bête traquée ; mais de plus, qui se traque elle-même, et qui excite les grandes ressources qui sont en elle, les puissances de sa logique, les vertus admirables de son langage, à corrompre tout ce qui est visible et qui n'est point désolant. Elle se veut fragile et entièrement menacée, et de toutes parts environnée de périls et de solitude, et de toutes les causes de terreur et de désespoir. Elle ne peut souffrir qu'elle soit tombée dans les filets du temps, du nombre et des dimensions, et qu'elle se soit prise au piège du système du monde. Il n'est pas de chose créée qui ne la rappelle à son affreuse condition, et les unes la blessent, les autres la trompent, toutes l'épouvantent, tellement que la contemplation ne manque jamais de la faire hurler à la mort. Elle me fait songer invinciblement à cet aboi insupportable qu'adressent les chiens à la lune ; mais ce désespéré, qui est capable de la théorie de la lune, pousserait son gémissement tout aussi bien contre ses calculs.

Ce n'est pas seulement ce qui arrive dans le ciel, mais toute chose ; et non seulement toute chose elle-même, mais jusqu'à l'innocente représentation des choses, qui l'irrite et se fait haïr : *Quelle vanité que la peinture*... Il invente, pour les images que poursuivent les arts, une sorte de dédain du second degré.

Je ne puis m'empêcher de penser qu'il y a du système et du travail dans cette attitude parfaitement triste et dans cet absolu de dégoût. Une phrase bien accordée exclut la renonciation totale.

Une détresse qui écrit bien n'est pas si achevée qu'elle n'ait sauvé du naufrage quelque liberté de l'esprit, quelque sentiment du nombre, quelque logique et quelque symbo-

lique qui contredisent ce qu'ils disent. Il y a aussi je ne sais quoi de trouble, et je ne sais quoi de facile, dans la spécialité que l'on se fait des motifs tragiques et des objets impressionnants. Qu'est-ce que nous apprenons aux autres hommes en leur répétant qu'ils ne sont rien, que la vie est vaine, la nature ennemie, la connaissance illusoire? A quoi sert d'assommer ce néant qu'ils sont, ou de leur redire ce qu'ils savent?

Je ne suis pas à mon aise devant ce mélange de l'art avec la nature. Quand je vois l'écrivain reprendre et empirer la véritable sensation de l'homme, y ajouter des forces recherchées, et vouloir toutefois que l'on prenne son industrie pour son émotion, je trouve que cela est impur et ambigu. Cette confusion du vrai et du faux dans un ouvrage devient très choquante quand nous la soupçonnons de tendre à entraîner notre conviction ou à nous imprimer une tendance. Si tu veux me séduire ou me surprendre, prends garde que je ne voie ta main plus distinctement que ce qu'elle trace.

Je vois trop la main de Pascal.

D'ailleurs, quand même les intentions seraient pures, le seul souci d'écrire, et le soin que l'on y apporte ont le même effet naturel qu'une arrière-pensée. Il est inévitable de rendre extrême ce qui était modéré, et dense ce qui était rare, et plus entier ce qui était partagé, et pathétique ce qui n'était qu'animé... Les fausses fenêtres se dessinent d'elles-mêmes. L'artiste ne peut guère qu'il n'augmente l'intensité de son impression observée, et il rend symétriques les développements de son idée première, à peu près comme fait le système nerveux quand il généralise et étend à l'être tout entier quelque modification locale. Ce n'est pas là une objection contre l'artiste, mais un avertissement de ne jamais confondre le véritable homme qui a fait l'ouvrage, avec l'homme que l'ouvrage fait supposer.

Cette confusion est de règle pour Pascal. On a tant écrit sur lui, on l'a tant imaginé et si passionément considéré qu'il en est devenu un personnage de tragédie, un acteur

singulier et presque un « emploi » de la comédie de la connaissance. Certains jouent les Pascal. L'usage a fait de lui une manière d'Hamlet français et janséniste, qui soupèse son propre crâne, crâne de grand géomètre ; et qui frissonne et songe, sur une terrasse opposée à l'univers. Il est saisi par le vent très âpre de l'infini, il se parle sur la marge du néant où il paraît exactement comme sur le bord d'un théâtre, et il raisonne devant tout le monde avec le spectre de soi-même.

C'est pourtant un fait assez remarquable que la plupart des religions aient placé dans l'extrême altitude le siège de la Toute-Puissance, comme elles ont trouvé sa marque et les preuves de son existence dans cet ordre sidéral, qui d'autre part, a donné aux hommes d'idée, le modèle primitif, et les premières vérifications des lois naturelles.

C'est vers le Ciel que les mains se tendent ; en lui que les yeux se réfugient ou se perdent ; c'est lui que montre le doigt d'un prophète ou d'un consolateur ; c'est du haut de lui que certaines paroles sont tombées, et que certains appels de trompettes se feront entendre.

Et sans doute, ni la Cause Première, ni l'Acte Pur, ni l'Esprit n'ont point de site, non plus qu'ils n'ont de figure ni de parties ; mais un instinct qui tient peut-être à notre structure verticale, peut-être le sentiment que nos destins sont suspendus à des phénomènes très éloignés, et que toute vie terrestre en dépend, tourne inévitablement les hommes embarrassés, ou affligés, ou tourmentés dans leurs esprits par leurs questions abusives, vers le zénith du lieu, *vers le haut.*

Exhausser, *exaucer*, sont le même mot.

Kant lui-même, cédant à un secret mouvement de mysticisme naïf, a conjoint cette espèce d'inspiration qu'il eut d'une loi morale universelle, à la sensation que lui causait le spectacle du ciel étoilé.

J'ai essayé quelquefois d'observer en moi-même et de suivre jusqu'aux idées cet effet mystérieux que produisent

généralement sur les hommes une nuit pure et la présence des astres.

Voici que nous ne percevons que des objets qui n'ont rien à faire avec notre corps. Nous sommes étrangement simplifiés. Tout ce qui est proche est invisible ; tout ce qui est sensible est intangible. Nous flottons loin de nous. Notre regard s'abandonne à la vision, dans un champ d'événements lumineux, qu'il ne peut s'empêcher d'unir entre eux par ses mouvements spontanés, comme s'ils étaient dans le même temps ; traçant des lignes, formant des figures qui lui appartiennent, qu'il nous impose, et qu'il introduit dans le spectacle réel.

Cependant la distribution de tous ces points nous échappe. Nous nous trouvons accablés, lapidés, englobés, négligés par ce nombreux étincellement.

Nous pouvons compter ces étoiles, nous qui ne pouvons croire que nous existions à leur regard. Il n'y a aucune réciprocité d'elles à nous.

Nous ressentons quelque chose qui nous demande une parole, et une autre chose qui la refuse.

Ce que nous voyons dans le ciel, et ce que nous trouvons au fond de nous-mêmes, étant également soustraits à notre action, et l'un scintillant au-delà de nos entreprises, l'autre vivant en deçà de nos expressions, il se fait donc une sorte de relation entre l'attention que nous attachons au plus loin, et notre attention la plus intime. Elles sont comme des extrêmes de notre attente, qui se répondent, et qui se ressemblent par l'espérance de quelque nouveauté décisive, dans le ciel ou dans le cœur.

A ce nombre d'étoiles qui est prodigieux pour nos yeux, le fond de l'être oppose un sentiment éperdu d'être soi, d'être unique, — et cependant d'être seul. Je suis tout, et incomplet. Je suis tout et partie.

L'obscurité qui nous entoure nous fait une âme toute nue.

Cette obscurité est tout ensemencée de clartés inaccessibles. L'on peut difficilement se défendre de songer à des demeures où l'on veille. Nous peuplons vaguement l'ombre de vivants lumineux et inconnaissables.

Cette même ombre qui nous supprime les environs de notre corps, par conséquence rabaisse le son de notre voix et la réduit à une parole intérieure, car nous avons une tendance à ne parler véritablement qu'à des êtres peu éloignés.

Nous éprouvons un calme et un malaise singuliers. Entre le « moi » et le « non-moi », il n'y a plus de passage. Pendant la pleine lumière, il existait un enchaînement de nos pensées avec les choses, par nos actes. Nous échangions des sensations contre des pensées, et des pensées contre des sensations ; et nos actes servaient d'intermédiaires, notre temps servait de monnaie. Mais à présent il n'y a plus d'échanges, il n'y a plus cet homme agissant qui est mesure des choses. Il n'y a plus que deux présences distinctes et deux natures incommensurables. Il n'y a que deux adversaires qui se contemplent et qui ne se comprennent pas. L'immense agrandissement de nos perspectives, la réduction de notre pouvoir sont confrontés. Nous perdons pendant quelque temps l'illusion familière que les choses nous correspondent. Une mouche qui ne peut pas traverser une vitre est notre image.

Nous ne pouvons pas rester à ce point mort. La sensibilité ne connaît point d'équilibre. On pourrait même la définir comme une fonction dont le rôle est de rompre dans les vivants tout équilibre de leurs puissances. Il faut donc que notre esprit s'excite soi-même à se défaire de sa stupeur et à se reprendre de cette solennelle et immobile surprise que lui causent le sentiment d'être tout, et l'évidence de n'être rien.

On voit alors le solitaire par essence, l'esprit, se défendre par ses pensées. Notre corps se défend contre le monde, par ses réflexes et par ses diverses secrétions ; et tantôt, il les produit comme au hasard, et comme pour faire hâtivement quelque chose ; et tantôt, ce sont des mouvements opportuns et des humeurs efficaces qu'il oppose exactement à ce qui l'opprime ou qui l'irrite. L'âme n'agit pas autrement contre l'inhumanité de la nuit. Elle s'en défend par ses créations qui, les unes, sont naïves et irrésistibles comme

des réflexes ; les autres sont réfléchies, retardées, combinées, articulées, et adaptées à la connaissance qu'elle peut avoir de notre situation.

Nous trouverons donc en nous deux ordres de réponses à la sensation que j'ai décrite, et que nous donne la vue du ciel et l'imagination de l'univers. Les unes seront *spontanées*, et les autres *élaborées*. Elles sont bien différentes, quoiqu'elles puissent se mêler et se combiner dans la même tête ; mais il faut les séparer pour les définir. On les distingue souvent en attribuant les unes au *cœur*, les autres à *l'esprit*. Ces termes sont assez commodes.

Le cœur finit presque toujours, dans sa lutte contre la figure effrayante du monde, par susciter, à force de désir, l'idée de quelque Etre assez puissant pour contenir, pour avoir construit, ou pour émettre, ce monstre d'étendue et de rayonnements qui nous produit, qui nous alimente, qui nous enferme, qui nous menace, qui nous fascine, qui nous intrigue et nous dévore. Et cet Etre, ce sera même une Personne, — c'est-à-dire qu'il y aura quelque ressemblance entre lui et nous, et je ne sais quel espoir d'une entente indéfinissable. Voilà ce que le cœur *trouve*. Il tend à se répondre par un dieu.

On sait bien, d'ailleurs, par l'expérience de l'amour, que l'unique a besoin de l'unique, et que le vivant veut le vivant.

Voyons maintenant quel autre genre de pensées peut nous venir, si nous différons notre sentiment, et si nous essayons d'opposer à l'énorme pression de toutes les choses, une patience infinie et un immense intérêt. L'esprit *cherche*.

L'esprit ne se hâtera pas d'imaginer ce qu'il lui faut pour soutenir la considération de l'univers. Il examinera ; sans égard au temps, ni à la durée d'une vie particulière. Il y a un contraste remarquable entre la promptitude, l'impatience, l'inquiétude du « cœur », et cette lenteur faite de critique et d'espoir. Ce retard, qui peut être illimité, a pour effet de transformer le problème. Le problème transformé pourra transformer le questionneur.

Nous observerons que nous ne pouvons penser à notre

univers qu'en le concevant comme un *objet* nettement séparable de nous, et distinctement opposé à notre conscience. Nous pourrons alors le comparer aux petits systèmes que nous savons décrire, définir, mesurer, expérimenter. Nous traiterons le tout comme une partie. Nous serons conduits à lui ajuster une logique dont les opérations nous permettront de prédire ses changements, ou d'en limiter le domaine.

(Nous comparerons, par exemple, l'ensemble des étoiles à un nuage gazeux, nous essaierons sur un essaim sidéral les définitions et les lois trouvées en étudiant les gaz au laboratoire, nous nous ferons une idée « statistique » de l'univers, nous penserons à son « énergie interne », à sa « température », etc.).

Notre travail consistera, en somme, à rapprocher ce qui était si stupéfiant et si émouvant, de ce qui est familier à nos sens, accessible à notre action, et qui se conforme d'assez près à nos raisonnements.

Mais il résulte, — il doit nécessairement résulter à la longue, de ce travail illimité, une certaine variation (déjà sensible) de ce *familier*, de ce *possible*, de ce *raisonnable*, qui constituent à chaque instant les conditions de notre apaisement. Comme les hommes ont accepté les antipodes, ils s'apprivoiseront avec la « courbure d'univers », et avec bien d'autres étrangetés. Il n'est pas impossible, — il est même assez probable, — que cette accoutumance transforme peu à peu, non seulement nos idées, mais certaines de nos réactions immédiates.

Ce qu'on pourrait nommer « la réaction de Pascal » peut devenir une rareté et un objet de curiosité pour les psychologues.

Pascal avait « trouvé », mais sans doute parce qu'il ne cherchait plus. La cessation de la recherche, et la forme de cette cessation, peuvent donner le sentiment de la trouvaille.

Mais il n'a jamais eu de foi dans la recherche en tant qu'elle espère dans l'imprévu.

Il a tiré de soi-même le *silence éternel* que ni les hommes véritablement religieux, ni les hommes véritablement profonds n'ont jamais observé dans l'univers.

Il a exagéré affreusement, grossièrement, l'opposition de la connaissance et du salut, puisqu'on voyait dans le même siècle, de savantes personnes qui ne faisaient pas moins bien leur salut, je pense, que lui le sien, mais qui n'en faisaient point souffrir les sciences. Il y avait Cavalieri, qui s'essayait aux indivisibles ; il y avait ce Saccheri, qui soupçonnait, sans se l'avouer, ce qu'il y a de convenu dans Euclide et entr'ouvrait une porte à bien des audaces futures de la géométrie. Ce n'étaient, il est vrai, que des Jésuites.

PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD OF RUINS

by Ludvig Nordström.

I.

Italy did not appeal to me in my younger days. It was France, particularly Paris that attracted me. After I had visited it several times it had played its part. I had discovered London and was charmed by it, and then I turned my gaze westwards ; I was determined to see America. In course of time this wish took two shapes : a determination to see both Italy and America.

Now I have seen Italy, and now I understand why I wanted, and am more than ever resolved, to see America ; indeed I go so far as to say that nobody can properly understand America unless he has first seen Italy. And, what is more, nobody can comprehend Italy unless he keeps America in his mind the whole time. Thanks to America, I love Italy. The task I have set myself is to show what links the two countries.

II.

In this article I shall have some little to say about economics and politics, architecture and religion.

I started on my travels without any ready-made views on Italy derived from books. I knew what a man of decent education knows about the country. I reached it in October, and stayed there from the 20th of that month till the 17th

December—the least delightful season of the year, in other words the season most suitable for sober and matter-of-fact observation.

I decided on my plan of campaign almost the very moment I landed. I determined to put aside everything in the way of art, antiquities and the like for the present. I made up my mind to begin with the soil itself—the purely material—and thence, step by step, to wind my way to the highest points of spiritual vision within my reach.

The most material was the landscape itself. Of that I saw first Genoa, and then (as far as could be seen from the window of my railway-carriage) the country extending from Genoa, Pisa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia on to Rome; again from Rome, Naples and Capri, and, finally, Rome, Assisi, Florence, Milan—the northern boundary.

The first thing that struck me was that Italy, at any rate at this time of the year, looked anything but a smiling country; in particular its appearance was that of a characteristically mountainous region, in which no really fertile plains were discoverable. Moreover, the one thing which distinguished Italy from both France and England was the absence of fogs and mists. This to my mind implied an extreme scarcity of water, and later on I also found right enough that water was a precious commodity in Italy. We had got nearer the Equator. The country presented the appearance of having been formed by Nature itself as a never-ending mass of hillforts with small fenced-in fields at their feet.

This, in other words, was the material soil on which Italy's particular forms of economics and politics had grown up. It needed, too, but a hasty glance over the landscape to discover how consistently its development had taken shape from these natural conditions. Towns and villages stood on the mountain crests, the lands below, as a rule, only petty habitations. The difference between Sweden, provided with large level tracts of country, and Italy squeezed into narrow folds, can be expressed only in these words; that while in Sweden the villages stand on the flat

country and the cattle-sheds on the mountains,—in Italy it is the reverse. In Sweden if there had been a sufficiently brisk traffic between villages and cattle pastures, the day's work would have ended with the labourers coming down from the hills to the valleys. In Italy, however, every day ended with the people quitting the valleys for the hills, and then, by a flight of fancy, we may picture to ourselves the lives of the Italian peasantry, and a lovely picture it presents : at nightfall they leave the dark recesses of the valleys and wend their way towards the stars. They make their dwellings high up towards heaven—which calls to mind the life which the prophet Amos ascribed to Jehovah—when he says : 'He it is who treadeth upon the high places of the earth'.

This setting of towns and villages on the tops of mountains, from which they often gleam above the clouds, is also significant as a natural consequence of the relatively scanty soil of Italy. Every square yard of soil was precious —far too precious to lie unproductive as building sites, and so nature itself pointed this organisation of the country. That it was not designed, for instance, from a military point of view seems clear to me from the fact that the erection of buildings on mountain heights shows a three-staged type everywhere. Nearest the plain stood towns or villages, next above them, on the nearest strategically important crest, rise the feudal castles, and high above them all, on the topmost cones in that region, stand the monastries. It was like a picture of the historical hierarchy : the Church towering above all, beneath it the State, lowest of all, the commune,—last of all, the soil.

What struck me most in this picture of the material aspect was that everything looked so painfully old. Towns and villages, all of them built of the greyish-yellow sandstone of the country, spoke eloquently of an antiquity of centuries upon centuries, nay you might have declared that they were every whit like the 2,000 years old houses at Pompei, such was the impression of hoar antiquity they conveyed. It might be said, too, that the country bore

the very same aspect hundreds, even thousands, of years ago.

How could that be?

The explanation was readily found along the route my train took. I discovered between Rome and Naples but one single commercial town, and that on a river which in Sweden would be termed a brook or, possibly, a streamlet. The explanation was that the country possessed only two material things—stone and earth; no woods, no ores, no coal mines. Towns and villages had, in all times, to stand like prisoners on mountain crests, since there was nothing available for the purposes of industry. Here was a vicious circle. The country had no raw goods that would justify industrial towns occupying space on the precious agricultural soil, and so poverty-stricken was the country that it could not yield up agricultural land to found industrial towns which might attract other goods from other countries. This then is the reason why Italy with her broad lands, even in the dawn of the XXth century, was a poor and primitive country, antiquated in its mode of life. That is why its people lived high up on the hill tops; that is why its horizon was scarred by ancient ruins, mediaeval towers, forts and churches; that is why arches of bridges dating back to Roman times lay, after 2,000 years, prone in a tumbled mass in river beds, without anyone attempting to raise them.

Italy was by nature rather a poor than a rich country, and that is why, after 2,000 years, it is a shattered world. And one stepped into a world which had been the *scenario* of Roman History. All that had been the world 2,000 years ago was to be found there—all except those butterflies of a brief day which are called human beings. They indeed were gone, but the scene was the same, the *scenario* was left there untouched, and the cause was purely material—the country from time immemorial was naught but earth and stone.

III.

From these factors then, the whole of Italy's history had clearly and unmistakably been evolved. For 2,000 years her economic history had been one of stagnation, and the same can be said of her political history. It is true indeed that Italy together with Germany emerges as the foremost. representative of the National Movement in the XIXth century It is likewise true that for something over half a century she has become a national unity, and also, for the past twenty-five years, taken her place among the industrial States of the world. This two-fold work, however, is far from accomplished, since it lacked the support it needed in material resources, and from the historical realities created by them. No country has suffered more from violent partisan agitations than Italy, and nowhere have they proved so obstinate.

When we behold the mountain fortresses, the patches of land and the ruined towers on every side, we see how Nature's very architecture has been the compelling force in this history. Seas and plains make for union, mountains for disunion. And a country so intersected by mountains as is Italy was doomed by nature to separatism.

Even to-day nothing is more striking than this. Take the matter of wine, for instance. In France one can get the same sort of wine throughout the country, but in Italy one has *il vino del paese*—the wine of the district. There are thousands of local varieties of wine in Italy, and within a short range lie municipal petty kingdoms beside one another yet wholly apart. To reach a tiny suburb a few kilometers from Genoa you have to pass no less than seven custom-houses. All Italy regarded from a material standpoint consists of an endless number of hill forts with their respective patches of land. Each of these constitutes a cell, but the poverty common to them all has stood in the

way of their organic development into a living entity. This, too, serves to explain the history of Italy in Roman times, with its incessant civil feuds ; in the Middle Ages, with its innumerable petty kingdoms and republican cities ; in Modern times, partly with its violent Socialism and Anarchy, partly its political feebleness. Thus the country's poor stone and soil, in a world-crisis which in our times had created, through unemployment on the one hand and on the other through chronic indifference to the national army,—a legionary movement such as Fascism with Mussolini as Pretorian colonel *à la* Sulla and Marius.

It is the poverty inherent in that country which explains this history, which is essentially the same as that of Ancient Rome, just as much as the towns and hamlets on the mountains are the same as in Roman days.

And likewise the key to this dictatorship is found in this sectarianism, the outcome of poverty, which yields only to the ruthless, rough-shod behest of a tyrant ; and Mussolini can be explained by this simple factor—his only problem and his sole justification—which confronted Caesar and Augustus—particularly the latter—viz. to discover an escape from this poverty which will overcome sectarianism : in short, to overcome poverty.

If Mussolini succeeds in solving the problem, then he is a great man, He has the worst of enemies against him—the nature of his own country. But when we see this nature, we see the whole history of the Italian people outlines as on a map, and we perceive the pathos of it, its passionate soul. We realise that in no other land than Italy has history been but a single thing—a life and death struggle and at the same time a struggle for life.

IV.

When we have recognised this simple connection we will tackle the next problem allied to it, to wit, architecture, and with that, from its very nature, it might be supposed we are on our way to more purely spiritual manifestations than economics and politics. If anyone imagines that in the domain of architecture the influence of the Italian nature and Italian poverty is not to be felt, he will be grossly mistaken. Likely enough, he has set out with the expectation of being blinded by an architecture supposed to be dazzling. He comes down to Italy, looks about him and his gaze rests on an architecture which speaks of only two things—poverty and war. It should be added, he leaves this country with the firm conviction that these two dominant characteristics are those which, in this case, have gone to the creation of the highest beauty the world has known. This is exactly the problem of the world of ruins.

The factor that determined the style of Italian architecture—I am taking an exclusively historical view of it—was scarcity of land. This struck me at once at Genoa. The significance of this is best shown by an example. If you see pictures of the East or of a flat country in general, the remarkable feature about them is the arrangement of the buildings—long rows of houses. When there are no mountains but long stretches of land, and nothing to compel people to build in the clouds. In this case there will be a predominance of interminably long, low houses; but where there is a dearth of land there will be towers, houses of the vertical type as a necessity imposed by natural conditions.

When in Genoa I saw whole districts of new houses like square pillars, eight stories high, clambering up the bare mountains, and I learnt that their price was 6,000 lire for something less than eleven square feet, the connection

was plain enough. And when in that very town I noticed how chips of stone were utilised for building material instead of tiles (which, however, as you may well suppose, were not lacking) I considered I had discovered the very rationale of this country s architecture—its one historical basis designed by nature was poverty. And afterwards, when I saw the ancient city walls surrounding the houses clustering on the hill-tops, the castles and such like, then it dawned on me clearly, as another similar basis designed by nature, the consequence of poverty—particularism and the incessant warfare waged for thousands of years.

From these banal facts it was easy to form one's opinion of all the architectural wealth in the kingdom. The dominant feature must be, as the conditions impose, austerity, dependent on the architecture being obliged, first and foremost, in every turn, to meet a certain main requisite i.e. strength, viz. strength within, i.e. stability, strength without, i.e. protection against enemies. And from the Saracen castles in South Italy to the Lombard towers in Central Italy and the family *châteaux* in Florence (Palazzo Strozzi, Palazzo Vecchio) and such like, these two characteristic features inevitably recur.

This signifies that Italian architecture has never (except possibly in Venice) become individual in its aims. If poverty had not set its limitations on the builders, insecurity would have done so. Within these two rigorous poles the architecture of Italy is cribbed, cabined and confined. After having pursued one's observations thus far, one begins to perceive why Italy, either in her days of old or at her Renaissance, time after time became the spot to which the whole world's architecture sought to retrace its steps as to its paternal home or its wise school-master. Take French architecture as a parallel. Where does it differ from the Italian? In the main, in that which separates modern from ancient times. As regards economics, law, statesmanship, religion, art, science and letters, a cycle of civilisation and culture, many thousands of years old, attained its full development in antiquity. When the

New Age set about constructing a world on a bigger scale, this was done not directly, so to speak, on a foundation of earth, but one built on piles composed of the results won by antiquity in the above-mentioned domains. Christendom, Roman Law, politics, philosophy, etc.—all this, gained from the toil of thousands of years in the world about the Mediterranean, is the prevision for the International World in 1,500 A.D.

In the same way arose the world-renowned efflorescence of French architecture, not directly from the French soil, but, as it were, a continuation of that which antiquity and the Renaissance had accomplished. In this also is found a marked difference between the two architectures. The French is a palace-architecture. It is the palace-*hotel* that form the starting-point in French architecture, and from this point their influences percolate the community. The French began where the Italian architecture ended. The Italian had begun, on the foundation of the earth itself, in the simple dwelling-house, and therefore this is the point of identity in Italian architecture. The peasant's cottage and the citizen's house with the ancient altar in the centre persists through all the Italian architecture; the church and *palazzo* maintains right through all the Italian building art its primary character of a house to live in, and this main characteristic is never obscured. In Italy architecture is never, as in France, e.g. during the rococo period, a free art, reminiscent of the painters. It always remains social.

That is why it never got the touch of caprice, individual lawlessness, or anarchy, in which free architecture must needs find an outlet. Existing in a poor country, it has always had to satisfy a need, and, therefore, has always been coerced by a law, and through that law has always had to bear the impress of necessity and austerity.

Consequently, when in a country or a period individual caprice has spent its force, touched bottom, become weary, there has been but *one* architecture in the world which has been simply architecture in the full sense of the term viz,

house-building, that was the Italian, and which arose severe, frowning, adequate for its purpose, and irresistibly strong. This was the idea of architecture, and to this Canossa the all too worldly architects had to go, in order to humiliate themselves before the majesty of the Law.

Likewise it is curious to observe how, if on one day you visit the 2,000 years old Pompei, and on the next a modern town, the *house* is essentially the same in its architectural features. So marvellously austere has this country been formed by nature, that it has, so to speak, standardised not only economics and politics, but even the very dwellings of men. And this austerity has become a school for all spiritual life on this globe.

Translated by W. F. Xarvey.

(To be concluded.)

A PRAIRIE SUMMER MORNING

by Ivan Bede.

For two days of threshing the sun had shone from a blank sky. There had been no relieving breeze, even at night, so that the earth's suffering was continuous.

The sun was not up the third morning, when Clara limped down to the kitchen, but she could see its red reflection burning the edge of a neighboring cornfield, and her sticky body already shrank from its heat.

The cobs and coal oil in the stove, when she lit them, smoked blackly, listlessly; and it seemed the teakettle, like herself, had difficulty in breathing.

She moved to lay a red-checkered cloth across the table, but stopped, pulling at the throat of her mother hubbard, and sat down on a chair by the window. She had been penned in this kitchen for two days with Sally, and she was certain that, at the end of another such day, she would be as crazy as Sally.

Through the window, under the fruit trees, she could see the road. Beyond it was the wheat stubble, interminable and yellow, which would soon be sending up hazy waves of heat. The green line on the horizon was the river.

Sally had been ordered to help in the kitchen, She was permitted to touch everything, and she smashed almost everything she touched. She had to be told every move to be made, and then she moved wrong. Just the sight of her half-witted face provoked Clara. It was maddening to realize that such a creature was human.

Although her coming was more to be dreaded than the rising of the sun, Clara felt imposed upon because she was late. She could not cook breakfast until Sally brought the crocks from the cave.

For years Clara had gone every morning to the cave, but she would not think of budging now. It was Sally's work.

Clara lifted the wrapper away from her hot sides. She could not sit still, though a weight seemed to hamper her moving. Pushing open the screen door, she went to the edge of the porch, looking toward the cool green line of the river.

There was a dead stillness in the air ; and the little noises indicating that life still continued were annoying to the ear In all the morning there was no pleasant sound.

Sally's slow step sounded behind her.

Clara turned. "Where you been?" she demanded.

Sally looked at her vaguely, making no answer, and walked across the porch to the opposite edge. There was a childish imprudence about her manner as she looked down into a box in which she had placed the cat with the new litter of kittens.

Everything about Sally's appearance, as well as her manner, was aggravating. Her apron was soiled and slovenly, while in irritating contrast her hair was magnificently combed on the top of her head, empress fashion. Her face, that of a half-wit in the thirties, was loose-lined and vapid, and her eyes had an uncollected expression which made her seem unusually cool.

"Go git the butter and eggs," ordered Clara.

Sally turned and walked with her monotonous step toward the cave.

Clara went over to look at the kittens. There were six of them, milling with their mother on some straw. They seemed moist and hot, and gave off the smell of fur.

The thought of drowning them came singing into her head. It inflamed her so much that by contrast the air about her seemed cool. She looked down at them without

pity, but with gluttonous hatred. She would drown them, and then Sally would whine.

Sally reappeared with two large crocks in her arms. At the screen door she stopped helplessly and glanced around at Clara, who stood malevolently watching, making no move to assist. After a moment of uncertainty she placed the crocks clumsily on the floor, opened the door and held it with her foot, and stooped to pick up the crocks again.

"Shut the door!" screamed Clara, "You're lettin' the flies in."

Sally removed her foot and the door sprang shut.

She straightened, dazed and bewildered, like a clown who has been battered several times by his companion's ladder. She stood, with her long arms hanging loosely, facing the door, looking sheepishly in the direction of Clara. Feeling the need of pretending to competence, she picked up the crocks again and jostled them in her arms, pushing against the screen door. She seemed to believe that sooner or later it would open by magic

Clara watched and laughed, a low, bitter laugh, until she had seen enough. Then she limped, muttering, to the door, and held it open.

While Clara cooked over the hot stove, Sally proceeded to setting the table. By this time her wits were so scattered that she could gather them only by supreme effort of will, causing her whole body to tremble and the perspiration to stream down her face. She risked everything on this gamble, setting each plate and each knife and each fork and each spoon with exaggerated care, arranging and rearranging until Clara felt like screaming with hatred and laughter.

She surveyed the result searchingly. Everything seemed to be in its place, but a lurking something might always be wrong. She felt Clara's eyes upon her, and so she did not look up to meet them, but continued to gaze absorbedly at the table.

Clara uttered a wild exclamation of torment.

"Put the butter on, and go git the cream. Do you always have to be told to go git the cream?"

Under this blow Sally's mind slid down the runners and floated away. She obeyed now instinctively, like a badly trained animal. Only a dull, uncertain resentment remained of her essence.

After she had shuffled in with a pitcher of cream fumbling with the screen door, fumbling with the pitcher, fumbling with her hands and her feet, she started for the door.

"Where you going?

She did not answer; she did not know; but the question seemed to limit her vagueness, and she paused on the porch, and went over to her box of kittens.

Clara followed as far as the door.

Sally got down on her knees by the box, holding out a finger to the kittens. The contact with their tiny tongues made her giggle. The mother cat, proud of its offspring, climbed from the box and rubbed its sunken flanks against her.

All this infuriated Clara still more, till her aggravation and loathing and anger sang in her head as sounds sometimes sing in the ears.

She came out on the porch with two pails.

"And you forgot the water. Go down to the windmill and pump up some cool water."

Sally continued to play with the kittens and giggle.

Clara repeated the command, her voice choking; and Sally took up the pails aimlessly and went down the steps slowly.

When Sally had turned the corner of the granary, Clara brought out a saucer of cream and called to the mother cat. It lapped of the cream and came purring after. She led it around a corner of the house, in the shade, and left it licking the saucer of cream, which she placed on the ground.

Then she went into the kitchen, and returned with the teakettle. She stood bending over the box, grinning and thinking. A cat that would leave its kittens for a saucer

of cream would get what it deserved, and Sally would get what she deserved, too.

The water was hot, so hot that, when she poured it on the stirring mass of flesh, steam came out of the spout with the water, and rose thinly in the air. When she had scalded each one, she repeated the process, until all were silent and still. Then she straightened up with the kettle empty in her hand, looking out into the yard at the white bee boxes under the pear trees, and watching the grasshoppers swaying on the rank grass stems.

The sun was well over the line, gaining fast in intensity, and its glare in the dry air made her blink. It glittered on the wheat stubble and cut sharp edges on the green line of the horizon which was the river.

Clara did not feel the power of the sun as she turned and re-entered the kitchen to continue her cooking.

Sally had just bent over the box again when the mother cat trotted heavily up the steps and pulled itself over the side. At contact with the wet straw it shrank back on four paws and sniffed of the kittens. Sally saw the water at almost the same moment, and uttered a shriek, reaching her hand out to touch them. As she did so, the cat snarled and clawed a red furrow on the back of her hand.

Sally shrieked still more loudly, and sank sobbing on the floor, holding her wrist with the other hand, and burying her face in her arms. In the box the cat snarled and whined as if it had gone mad.

Clara waited a long moment, then came running out with a broom, and beat the cat in the box, till it left the dead kittens and ran furtively under the porch.

Intense joy came to Clara in beating the cat, and she longed now to beat Sally. But she did not; she only pushed her with her foot, and ordered her to get up and tend herself. Then she went back to her stove, free to breathe and to cook in peace, feeling no longer the oppression of the unfolding day.

Sally continued to sob, the short, spasmodic sobs of a child, and climbed to her feet, leaning weakly on one of the

roof posts. In her mind all was blank, even the cause of her sobbing. From under the porch, came the terrible whine of the cat. "What you doing lying there?" Clara said from the stove, "Hey! come on quit lying there on the floor."

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

by Gertrude Stein.

Part II.

HERSLAND FAMILY LIVING.

Bear it in your mind my reader,—but truly I never feel it that there ever can be for me any such a creature, no it is this scribbled and dirty and lined paper that is really to be to me always my receiver,—but anyhow reader, bear it in your mind-will there be for me ever any such a creature, —what I have said always before to you, that this that I write down a little each day here on my scraps of paper for you is not just an ordinary kind of novel with a plot and conversations to amuse you, but a record of a decent family progress respectably lived by us and our fathers and our mothers, and our grand-fathers, and grand-mothers, and this is by me carefully a little each day to be written down here ; and so my reader arm yourself in every kind of a way to be patient, and to be eager, for you must always have it now before you to hear much more of these many kind of decent ordinary people, of old, grown, grand-fathers and grand-mothers, of growing old fathers and good mothers, of ourselves who are always to be young grown men and women for us, and then there are still to be others and we must wait and see the younger fathers and young mothers bear them for us, these younger fathers and young mothers

who always are ourselves inside us, who are to be always young grown men and women to us.

Yes it is a misfortune we have inside us, some few of us, I cannot deny it to you, all you others, it is true the simple interest I take in a family's progress. I have it, this interest in ordinary middle class existence, in simple firm ordinary middle class traditions, in sordid material unaspiring visions, in a repeating, common, decent enough kind of living, with no fine kind of fancy ways inside us, no excitements to surprise us, no new ways of being bad or good to win us.

You see, it is just an ordinary middle class tradition we must use to understand this family's progress. There must be no aspiring thoughts inside us, there must be a feeling always in us of being in a kind of way in business always honest, there must be in a kind of ordinary way always there inside us the sense of decent enough ways of living for us. Yes I am strong to declare that I have it, here in the heart of this high, aspiring, excitement loving people who despise it,—I throw myself open to the public,—I take a simple interest in the ordinary kind of families' histories, I believe in simple middle class monotonous tradition, in a way in honest enough business methods.

Middle-class,—middle-class—, I know no one of my friends who will admit it, one can find no one among you all to belong to it, I know that all are to be democratic and aristocratic and not have it, for middle class is sordid material unillusioned unaspiring and always monotonous for it is always there and to be always repeated, and yet I am strong, and I am right, and I know it, and I say it to you and you are to listen to it, that a material middle class who know they are it, with their straightened bond of family to control it, with no good taste to disguise and thin it, no primal, upheaving to uplift it, no return to nature and to simple ways to distress it, I say this ordinary middle class kind of existence is the only thing always, healthy, human, vital, and from which can spring always as we need it, the solid wealth and wisdom, the necessary basis of all decent living.

We need not turn Chinese, we need not, I repeat, believe that the only object we must worship is the tomb of our own ancestors, nor will it be found expedient to watch in filial piety for three years with unchanged clothing at the bed-side of an aged mother, but till some more effective method proves itself, some process more successful than any yet invented for being honest ordinary and affectionate, I recommend you all to laud the bourgeois family life at expense if need be of the individual, very likely of the independence of the children and the women, and so keep on to begin the old world way of being born in a middle-class tradition from ordinary honest decent enough kind of parents whom you honour for these virtues. And so, come, come quickly, and listen while I tell you farther of this family's progress.

The Herslands were a western family. David Hersland as a young man had gone far into the new country to make his money. He had succeeded very well there in making money. He had settled down in Gossols and had lived there for twenty years and more now.

He had made a big fortune. David Hersland was in some ways a splendid kind of person.

Mr. Hersland had brought his wife to Gossols with him. He had married her in Bridgepoint when his fortune was just beginning. His children had all been born in Gossols to him. There were three of them, Martha, Alfred, David, there had been two others but they had died as little children. Now Martha, after many changes, was home again with him. Alfred who had never yet been any trouble to him was gone to Bridgepoint to marry Julia Dehning and then there as a lawyer to win for himself his own way of living. And the youngest David was soon to follow Alfred to Bridgepoint, to go to college there and to decide in him, as his way always had been and no one could ever understand him, from day to day what life meant to him to make it worth his living.

And so when Alfred Hersland first met Julia Dehning, his family, father mother Martha and David were still

living there in Gossols. The mother was already now a little ailing, the father had no longer his old strength for living, Martha had come back out of her trouble to them, Alfred had gone away and left them, David was very soon to follow him. They had their old place in Gossols to live in but it had not the beauty and the wonder now it had had all these years for them. Joy was a little dim inside now for all of them.

For many years it had been full of content, this home they had always lived in. The Herslands had never had a city house to be restless around them and to give restlessness inside to them. They had all these years been in the place they now lived in.

This house they had always lived in was not in the part of Gossols where the other rich people mostly were living. It was an old place left over from the early days when Gossols was just beginning. It had grounds about ten acres large, fenced in with just ordinary kind of rail fencing, it had a not very large wooden house standing on the rising ground in the center with a winding avenue of eucalyptus, blue gum, leading from it to the gateway. There was, just around the house, a pleasant garden, in front were green lawns not very carefully attended and with large trees in the center whose roots always sucked up for themselves almost all the moisture, water in this dry western country could not be used just to keep things green and pretty and so, often, the grass was very dry in summer, but it was very pleasant then lying there watching the birds, black in the bright sunlight and sailing, and the firm white summer clouds breaking away from the horizon and slowly moving. It was very wonderful there in the summer with the dry heat, and the sun burning, and the hot earth for sleeping ; and then in the winter with the rain, and the north wind blowing that would bend the trees and often break them. and the owls in the walls scaring you with their tumbling.

All the rest of the ten acres was for hay and a little vegetable gardening and an orchard with all the kind of

fruit trees that could be got there to do any growing.

And all around the whole fence that shut these joys in was a hedge of roses, not wild, they had been planted, but now they were very sweet and small and abundant and all the people from that part of Gossols came to pick the leaves to make sweet scented jars and pillows, and always all the Herslands were indignant and they would let loose the dogs to bark and scare them but still the roses grew and always all the people came and took them. And altogether the Herslands always loved it there in their old home in Gossols.

David Hersland's mother was that good foreign woman who was strong to bear many children and always after was very strong to lead them. The old woman was a great mountain. Her back even in her older age was straight, flat, and firmly supporting. She had it in her to uphold around her, her man, her family, and everybody else whom she saw needing directing. She was a powerful woman and strong to bear many children and always after she would be strong to lead them. She had a few weak ways in her toward some of them, mostly toward one of them who had a bad way of eating too much and being weak and living, and his mother never could be strong to correct him, no she could not be strong to let his brothers try and save him, and so he died a glutton, but the old mother was dead too by then and she did not have the sorrow of seeing what came to him.

Always this strong foreign woman was great and good and directing. She led her family out of the old world into the new one and there they learned through her and by themselves, almost every one of them, how to make for themselves each one a sufficient fortune.

Yes it was she who lead them all out of the old world into the new one. The father was not a man ever to do any such leading. He was a butcher by trade. He was a very gentle creature in his nature. He loved to sit and think and he loved to be important in religion. He was a small man, well enough made, with a nice face, blue eyes, and a

little lightish coloured beard. He loved his eating and a quiet life, he loved his Martha and his children, and mostly he liked all the world.

It would never come to him to think of a new world. He never wanted to lose anything he ever had had around him. He did not want to go to a new world. He would go,—yes to be sure it would be very nice there, only it was very nice here and here he was important in religion,—and he liked his village and his shop and everything he had known all his life there, and the house they had had ever since he married his good Martha and settled himself to be comfortable together with her,—and now they had their children. Yes, alright, perhaps, maybe she was right, there was no reason, the others had all gotten so rich going to America, there was no reason they shouldn't go and get rich there, alright he would go if his Martha talked about it so much to him, alright, his Martha could fix it anyway she liked it, yes it would be nice to have all of them get rich there. He would go, yes to be sure it would be nice there, but it was very nice here and he had his religion, and he liked his village and his shop and everything he had known all his life here, and the house they had always lived in since he had married his good Martha, and they had settled to be so comfortable there and to stay there, and now they had all those good children. But, yes, alright, perhaps, maybe she was right, there was no reason, the others had all gotten so rich going to America, there was no reason they shouldn't all get rich too there, yes it would be very nice then, to have them all go and get rich there. Alright he would go, they would all go and get rich there, Martha could fix it if she wanted so badly to have it, she would be always talking to him about it, Martha could fix it anyway she liked it, yes it would be nice to have all of them get rich there like the others who were writing all the time how rich they had it, and it would be good for the children to have it, and to send money to some of the old folks who would need it, the way the others always did it. Yes the other always was sending money to his father when

he needed to have it. Alright they would all go, his Martha could fix it. She could fix it anyway she liked it. If she wanted he would do it.

Martha began then and she soon sold their business and the things on the little farm and in the shop and in their house, and kept only the few things she knew they needed. Her man liked it very well then this being so important and he could use it as he liked to do religion. He liked it very well to see his wife do all this selling. He liked the feeling he had in him when they were all so busy buying and selling all round him, but when the people came to take the things he had been so important about when his wife was selling, then it was a very different feeling he had in him. It was hard for him then the ending. He had liked it very well while they were selling. He had liked the feeling of all the doing and the moving and the being important to all of them and everybody always talking.

It had been very pleasant to him. He never really had to do any deciding, and he had all the emotion and the important feeling, it was just like in religion.

But it was not so pleasant for him when the people came and took the things it had been so pleasant selling. It hurt him to have the things he loved go away from him, and he wanted to give back the money to all of them so that he could keep them. But he knew that that could not be done and he still keep his important feeling that was so pleasant to him; and then too Martha would not let him. He said nothing to the people when they came to take the things it had been so pleasant selling to them, he was only very slow in giving the things to them. He would lose them so that it was hard to find them but the children and Martha always found them.

Almost everything was sold and the people came and took them. He could not stop them. Now the things did not any more belong to him. Nothing now anymore belonged to him. There was another man in his shop and he acted, in standing there and in selling, just as if it

had all always belonged to him. It made David Hersland very sad too see him standing there, chopping, talking, selling, wiping his hands on his apron, acting as if it had all always belonged to him, now when there was no place anymore anywhere for Hersland, a place that really belonged to him.

It was too late now, he had done as his Martha had made him. He would have liked to buy back all that they had been selling. It was very hard to keep him moving. It was hard to start him and it was almost harder to keep him going. Now he wanted to settle down again and keep on staying. Perhaps the man who had bought his shop would sell it back to him if they would pay him. "No David", his wife said to him, "we got to go now, don't talk so foolish about buying when we just hardly got through selling. No David, don't you see how the children are all so excited about going. How can you talk so when we got every minute to be working and in two days now we got to be moving."

Yes it was hard to start him but it was almost harder to keep him going. His Martha worked hard with him to keep him moving. She had to tell it to him very often now there was no other way for him to be doing. Now they were started they just had to keep going.

Yes it was very hard to keep him moving. It was hard to start him but it was even harder to keep him going. But now it was all done and they were all of them ready to do the last beginning. They were all already to leave the next morning. All the things they had kept had been put in a wagon, the littlest children were to ride on top of them the rest were to walk beside them until they came to the city by the water where they would find the ship that was to take them to that new world where they were all to make a fortune.

They started very well the next morning, with all the people to say good-bye to them and with all the things they needed piled in the wagon, the littlest children set on top of them, the rest of them to walk beside them. The

mother was like a great mountain, good and firm and directing, and as always able to uphold around her, her man, her children, and everybody who needed directing, and he was feeling it once more good inside him to be important as if it were in religion, and all the talking and moving and everybody so excited about him. It was very pleasant just then for him, and then the wagon began moving and some went a little way with them and then they all left them and then it was only the family and the driver of the wagon who were with him and all the pleasant feeling left him.

They went on and on and then suddenly they missed him, the father was not there any longer with them. The mother went back to find him. He was sitting at the first turning, looking at the village below him, at all the things he was leaving, and he simply could not endure it in him.

He wife called to him. He sighed and she came to him. "Don't you want to be going David," she said to him. "If you don't want really to be going you just got to say David what you want to be doing. I never be a woman to make you do anything you are not really wanting. You just say David to me what it is you are really wanting. I do it if you want me really bad to do it. You know I never want you not to do everything just like you really need it. The children, they are all waiting there just for you to say it. David I say you just say it what you want and I do it." He sighed and he looked a little sullen.

"Of course Martha you know I do what I got to do for you and the children. You know I always do what is right for me to do for you and the children. I don't ever think what I am needing, I only just want to do the best I can for you and the children. Can't you see Martha I just came back here to see it. That ain't got nothing to do with what I made up my mind was the right way to do it. I just came here to see I don't forget it. Yes I come now Martha. Sure I always will do it what is right for me to do so you and the children can have it. I never do any other way in it. I go on with you now I got another look to see I don't forget it. I just stopped here to see it. It's

just I wanted to see what way it looked so I would get it right not to forget it. Alright Martha I come, you go on, I be with you in a minute. I just look to see I got it fixed right so I don't forget it. Alright Martha I come now, I got it fixed now I can t forget it. Alright we go on now I done what I needed. I came back just to do it. Now we go on to the children and we go on to do it like we said we would do it.' And he sighed now and he got up and he looked back as he went away from it and she talked about how much the children were going to like it and he began to forget it.

All, the wagon and the driver and the horses and the children, had waited for them to come up to it. Now they went on again, slowly and creaking, as is the way always when a whole family do it. Moving through a country is never done very quickly when a whole family do it.

They had not gone very far yet. They had not been going many hours. They were all having now just coming in them their first tired, the first hot sense of being very tired. This is the hardest time in a day's walking to press through and get over being tired until it comes to the last tired, that last dead tired sense that is so tired. Then you cannot press through to a new strength and to get another tired, you just keep on, that is you keep on when you have learned how you can do it, then you just get hardened to it and know there is no pressing through it, there is no way to win out beyond it, it is just a dreary dull dead tired, and you must learn to know it, and in it is always and you must learn to bear it, the dull drag of being almost dead with being tired

In between these first and last are many little times of tired, many ways of being very tired, but never any like the first hot tired when you begin to learn how to press through it and never any like the last dead tired with no beyond ever to it.

It was this first hot tired they all had in them now just in its beginning, and they were all in their various ways

trying to press themselves to go through it, and they were mostly very good about it and not impatient or complaining. They were all now beginning with the dull tired sense of hot trudging when every step has its conscious meaning and all the movement is as if one were lifting each muscle and every part of the skin as a separate action. All the springiness had left them, it was a weary conscious moving the way it always is before one presses through it to the time of steady walking that comes when one does not any longer do it with a conscious sense with each movement. It is not until one has settled to it, the steady walk where one is not conscious of the movement, that you have become really strong to do it, and the whole family were now just coming to it, they were just pressing through their first hot tired.

And now once more the father had done it. The father was no longer with them, once more he had slipped back and they had lost him.

The mother said to the children, "Well you go on, I go back to get him.' She felt no anger in her toward him. She just went back to find him.

She told the children to keep on slowly as they were going and she would go back and find him. She walked back looking everywhere for him. She found him before she had gotten back to where she had the last time found him. He had not gotten back yet to where he could see all he was going to leave behind him. She had walked faster than he and had caught him.

She had no impatient feeling in her against him. It was a way he had, she knew it, it was right for him to have it, the kind of a feeling he had about leaving. It was a way he had, she was not impatient with him, he was right to have that kind of a feeling in him. It was right for him to act that way to see about not forgetting. It was only that she knew he would like it and it would be so good for the children that made her want to urge him not to give up now they had made their beginning.

But she was not in any way impatient to him, she had

no impatient feeling in her against him. It was just his way and now she would coax him and he would come back with her to the wagon. It was only a way he always had had whenever he had to do a new thing. And so she walked a little with him and began to talk about the children and how nice it would be when they would all get rich and how the children would like it to work and help him, and they sat down and after they had been resting, when they got up again she did not do any discussing, she just started him back toward the wagon, and always she was telling about how good he was to do what was best for her and the children. Soon they came up with the wagon which was still very slowly moving.

It was hot doing so much walking, she said then to him, he looked a little sick, she thought he ought not to do any more walking, perhaps it would be better if he would get into the wagon and ride a little with the little children. It would be awful if he got sick and nobody to take care of them for he was the only one that could do their talking. And so she coaxed him into the wagon with the children.

They went on and soon it was too far, there was not now any more going back for him. And then he was content, and he had the new city, and the ship, and then he was content with the new world around him.

MEMORIES

by Luke Ionides.

VII.

I knew Dante Gabriel Rossetti two or three years before I knew Burne Jones. He was living in Cheyne Walk in an old Elizabethan house where at times he gave most delightful dinners at which one met all sort of people.

One evening after dinner we went into a tent he had raised in the garden, and Bergheim, a powerful mesmerist, was asked if he could mesmerize any stranger, and as he said, "Yes", Rossetti sent out into the street to find two stray women, who would not mind submitting to the experiment. Both Jimmy and Willy Whistler were there, Edward Dannreuther, the musician, and Lord Lindsay, and each one was asked to tell Bergheim what he wanted each woman to do.

Jimmy Whistler suggested that one should think she had a fleabite on her knee; and without words, from the other side of the table, Bergheim made passes and the girl proceeded to scratch her knee. I suggested that I should like one of them to come up to the table, drink a glass of claret and think it was milk, upon which she came up, drank the wine and when asked what she was drinking said, "Why, don't you see it's milk?"

Dannreuther put them both to the severest test. When Bergheim had made passes over them, Dannreuther asked him to start one of them singing and to stop her at a certain note, then to start the other, and stop her in the same way,

Dannreuther noting the note on which each had left off. Then after a few minutes interval Bergheim restarted the first girl, and she went on exactly where she had left off, and the second girl also restarted on the note on which she had left off; a feat which Dannreuther declared was impossible to the most accomplished singers.

Though the following story is not concerned with mesmerism, but with telepathy, I think it is worth putting in, as being outside ordinary experience.

Mrs. Henry Bicknell, a great friend of ours, was one day in the garden, when she heard her name called by her father, David Roberts, the Academician. She went into the house but could not find him there, so returned to the garden. She soon heard her name called again, and she became rather frightened. When her husband returned about half an hour later, she told him what had happened and that she was alarmed on account of her father. So he told her to put on her bonnet and shawl and he would take her to her father's. She had just reached the first landing, when there was a knock at the door. Henry Bicknell opened it and was faced by David Roberts. He asked him what brought him, as he was only expected the next day. Roberts said that while he was at work, he repeatedly heard his daughter's voice calling him. He got scared and started at once to see if all was well with her. They kept him to dinner, when they both related their experience to their guests, among whom were included my father and mother and myself. There seems to have been no meaning in the incident, as there was nothing wrong with either of them!

Rossetti had a soft, southern, Italian voice, which was most persuasive when he advocated one's living among beautiful things of one's own choice. His own house was full of them; some copies of Italian chairs, some very fine old blue-and-white china, some good Chinese red lacquer, and several pictures; among others the one I remember best is a Botticelli head. He always kept a great sympathy for Italian art, and his greatest love was for Dante's poetry,

some of which he translated. One volume of his poems was buried with his wife, but some years later he obtained permission of the Home Secretary to open the grave and recover the manuscript.

As a letter-writer he was always delightful, and managed to convey something pleasant to the receiver.

One evening, I remember, after dinner, he said he had been ordered by the doctor to take a walk, so we started for Charing Cross about ten o'clock. On the way back he saw a woman crouching in a doorway, so he went up to her and said, "Poor old thing, are you ill?" and the woman replied, "I am starving, and I've nowhere to go". So he emptied his pockets of silver and gold into her lap, saying, "There—go and have a good time," and we left the woman in tears. He used to keep his money in a drawer, and if anybody asked him for any he would say, "Go to the drawer, and take what you want." I have suspected some of his friends of taking advantage of this generosity.

He had some peculiarities, one of which was that he would never accept payment for a picture except in guineas. Once when my father bought one from him, a hundred pounds having been mentioned, my father sent him a cheque for that amount, and received a letter by return saying, "Many thanks, but please send me five pounds more, as my price is in guineas."

He was extremely fond of animals and he had several cages, some with birds and some with beasts. He once bought a young elephant, but he had to part with it because it was represented to him that if the elephant grew a little fatter the house would have to be demolished to get him out of the garden. Another day he bought a young bull and tied him to a young tree, and one day Rossetti went and shooed the bull, whereupon the bull made a rush, uprooting the tree, and followed Rossetti, who bolted round the garden. Fortunately the bull was stopped by the tree catching between other trees, and he was sent away the next day.

Rossetti and Morris were very intimate. Morris's great love was for Northern and Rossetti's entirely for Italian

and Greek stories. When Morris had published the English version of the Niebelungen Saga Rossetti happened to say that he could not entirely sympathize with the story of which the hero was a brother of a worm—upon which Morris retorted, "I'd rather have a brother who is a worm than a brother who is a damned fool.

Rossetti was extremely fond of his sister, Christina, and he thought very highly of her poetry. He was never-ending in her praise, and her helpfulness and kindness in assisting other people. She used often to go to my sister's, and looked as if she belonged to a religious order.

One day I took Thomas Arnold, the Westminster magistrate, to Rossetti's studio, and Rossetti showed him the work on which he was occupied then, and some of his other pictures. Arnold was delighted, and when he left he said to Rossetti, "I wish I could do something to show how much I have enjoyed my visit to you." And Rossetti then said to him, "Well, you can. When some very pretty girl is brought up before you, deal leniently with her!" and Arnold answered, "Well, I hope that I should always do that, pretty or not pretty."

One evening in the studio, when many of us were there, Howell was telling a long story of how he at one time had belonged to the Pope's pages, when Rossetti said, "Look here, Howell; I've been reckoning how old you must be considering the number of things you have said you have done, and you cannot be less than 150 years old," on which Howell was silent.

I once asked Rossetti how he got to know Howell, and he told me he was introduced to him by a man who shortly after got six months imprisonment for forgery, but by that time Howell had obtained a footing among Rossetti's friends.

Jimmy used to tell a story of how he met Howell one day going to some sort of entertainment, Howell wearing across his chest a proud red ribbon, with some decoration at the end of it. Jimmy asked him if he were going to see the King, and Howell said, No, he was not, but as this was a

sort of official reception, he wore the decoration he had just received, which we all agreed was a simple invention. He also possessed a cross which he showed at the Stuart Exhibition, which he said had been given by Charles I before his execution to the Archbishop, who had given it to one of Howell's ancestors. I understand that Queen Victoria gave £1,000 for it, but Morris always said, knowing every stick that Howell possessed, that the cross was of his own making, for twopence. Another example of Howell's audacity was once day when the Royal Family was visiting the Academy, Howell presented himself at the door, saying that Lord Leighton had asked him to help entertain their Majesties, and was let in.

Whistler had the greatest admiration for Rossetti and when Whistler had his quarrel with Legros, I suggested that he should ask Rossetti to adjudicate between them. but Whistler would not do so ; he said Rossetti was the one man for whom he had so great a regard that he would not run the risk of appearing under an unfavourable light to him.

Rossetti was not a classical scholar like Burne Jones, but his knowledge of the Italian poets was very great, and he gave nearly all his pictures an Italian name from some poem, and one especially, extremely beautiful, Dante's farewell to the dead Beatrice. He painted a lovely picture of the Boccaccio story of the woman being torn by dogs.

He immensely enjoyed hearing Swinburne's "La Fille du Policeman" being read. Unfortunately, the MS. was lost, and it has never been published. It was extremely amusing. The heroine, who was supposed to be the policeman's daughter, was really the rightful heiress to the throne of England—it was written in French, and Sir Peel and Sir Vellington figured in the play. They got rid of her in the end, but I don't remember by what means. Swinburne read it to us himself, in his high, squeaky voice. It must not be forgotten that we owe to Rossetti two now celebrated works. The one is the "Omar Khayyam", translated by

Edward Fitzgerald, first published in 1859, which Rossetti picked up one day for a penny, outside a bookshop, read and admired it to such a degree that he went to buy some more copies, when he found the price had risen to twopence, and he was cross with the bookseller. But he talked so much about it that all his friends tried to get copies, and that is how its fame was made. Some years ago, one of those copies was sold for sixty pounds. The other was Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel", which attracted his attention also in 1859. He made all his friends read it, and got to know Meredith. I have always heard that before Rossetti's discovery, Meredith was very little read. Though in these two instances, Rossetti was right in his estimate, I don't think he was as a rule, what one might call a sober critic either of art or literature. He was too apt to be run away with by his personal feelings, especially when the artist or writer was his friend. He had a great admiration for Sandy's work, and talked of the "Medea" as one of the finest pictures of the day.

He was a good story-teller, though rather in an Italian than in an English fashion ; the difference was in the voice and intonation, though he spoke English perfectly. One of his most amusing stories was one related to him by Lady Ashburton about one of the Indian nabobs, a Mr. Pattle. When Pattle died, in India, a will was found leaving all his property to his wife on condition that he was buried in England. Well, there was great trouble in getting a ship to carry a coffin, and the ship that finally took it stuck on the bar at Calcutta, and the coffin was thrown overboard by the sailors, and in time was washed up and returned to the Pattle household. Then it was decided, as it was impossible to send the body to England in a coffin, to put it in a barrel of rum, and ship it with other barrels. But before it was shipped an explosion was heard in the room where it was standing, and the body of the deceased was found hanging over the side of the burst barrel. It was replaced, the barrel mended, and it finally arrived safely in England.

I have already said that Rossetti gave most entertaining dinner-parties. At one of them I remember there was a short silence, when the high-pitched voice of a well-known artist was heard saying, "I had rather any day meet a lioness bereft of her whelps than a woman who has lost her virtue."

Then the soft voice of Rossetti answered, "Nonsense, man, nonsense! I've met many and all very nice indeed."

I did not see much of Rossetti for the last three years of his life. He had been suffering from insomnia and took chloral, which I fear hastened his death at the early age of fifty-four.

VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER

by William Carlos Williams.

The Pilgrims were seed of Tudor England's lusty blossoming. The flamboyant force of that zenith, spent, became in them hard and little. Among such as they its precarious wealth of petals sank safely within bounds to lie dreaming or floating off while the Restoration throve, a sweltering seclusion of the hothouse, surrounded by winter's cold.

In those little pips a nadir, sure as the sun, was reached in which lay the character of beginnings in North America. As particles stripped of wealth, mortifying as they were mortified, "predigeurs", greatly suffering, greatly prepared to suffer, they were the perfect sprout for the savage continent God had driven them to. But Puritans, as they were called, if they were pure it was more since they had nothing in them of fulfilment than because of positive virtues.

They were the fiercest element in the battle to establish a European life on the New World. The first to come as a group, of a desire sprung within themselves, they were the first American democracy—and it was they, in the end, who would succeed in making everything like themselves. No man led them; there was none. The leaders had failed long since for them at home—if there ever had been any—and those still at home were still more removed from them than ever. Stripped and little they came resting on no authority but the secret warmth of their tight locked hearts. But, unhappily, never had they themselves nor has anyone penetrated there to see what was contained.

The emptiness about them was sufficient terror for them not to look further. The jargon of God, which they used, was their dialect by which they kept themselves surrounded as with a palisade. They pleaded weakness, they called continually for help (while working shrewdly with their own hands all the while), they asked protection—but the real help had been to make them small, small and several, several and each as a shell for his own "soul". And the soul? a memory (or a promise), a flower sheared away—nothing.

Theirs is the secret of fairy tales, the descent of the "soul" into picturesque smallness : children, dwarfs, elves ; the diminutive desires of the lowly for—they scarcely know what. The "God" of the Pilgrims is redolent of these mysteries. All their fears, their helplessness, the uncertainty of their force—have the quality of such love. The pathetic detail of the rough sailor who cursed the poor people and what happened to him is strongly in this mood. It shows also the collective sense of the destiny common to lowly people.

From the outset they had had trouble, then the account goes on :—These troubles being blowne over, and now all being compacte together in one shipe, they put to sea again with a prosperous winde, which continued diverce days together, which was some incouragement unto them ; yet according to ye usuall maner many were afflicted with sea sickness. And I may not omit here a spetial worke of God's providence. Ther was a proud and very profane yonge man, one of ye sea-men, of a lustie body, which made him the more hauty ; he would allway be contemning ye poore people in their sickness, and cursing them dayly with greeveous execrations, and did not let to tell them, that he hoped to cast halfe of them over board before they came to their journey's end, and to make mery with what they had ; and if he were by any gently reproved he would curse and swear most bitterly. But it pleased God before—they came halfe seas over, to smite this yong man with a greeveous disease, of which he dyed in a desperate maner,

and so was himself ye first yt was throwne overboard. Thus his curses light on his owne head ; and it was an astonishment to all his fellows for they noted it to be ye just hand of God upon him.

The dreadful and curious thing is that men, despoiled and having nothing, must long most for that which they have not and so, out of the intensity of their emptiness imagining they are full, deceive themselves and all the despoiled of the world into their sorry beliefs. It is the spirit that existing nowhere in them is forced into their dreams. The Pilgrims, they, the seed, instead of growing looked black at the world and damning its perfections praised a zero in themselves. The inversion of a Gothic Calvin.

For the Puritans there had been a decline of which it was their miserable fate never to know while they raised their holy incantations. These are not the great flower of the spirit. Purged by hard experience (worn bodies from which a white dove springs), they are not all soul as they and we have imagined. Bodily suffering was more an alleviation than otherwise, a distraction that keeps them mercifully blinded. They were the condemned to be without flower, to sew themselves basely that after them others might know the end. Each shrank from an imagination that would sever him from the rest.

And so they stress the "spirit"—for what else could they do ?—and this spirit *is* an earthly pride which they, prideless, referred to heaven and the next world. And for *this* we praise them, instead of for the one thing in them that was valuable : their tough littleness and weight of many to carry through the cold ; not their brokenness but their projection of the great flower of which they were the seed.

The Pilgrims were mistaken, not in what they did,because they went hard to work with their hands and heads, but in what they imagined for their warmth. It could not have been otherwise. But it is sordid that a rich world should follow apathetically after. Their misfortune has become a malfeasant ghost that dominates us all. It is they who must have invented the "soul" but the perversion is for

this emptiness, this dream, this pale negative to usurp the place of that which really they were destined to continue.

This stress of the spirit against the flesh has produced a race incapable of flower. Upon that part of the earth they occupied true spirit dies because of the Puritans except through vigorous revolt. They are the bane, not the staff. Their religious zeal, mistaken for a thrust up toward the sun, was a stroke in, in, in—not toward germination but the confinements of a tomb.

Everything attests their despoiled condition : the pitiful care for each one, the talk of the common wealth (common to all alike so never to any one) and the church—that secret inversion of loveliness ; their lost position itself in the new land, the cold, disease, starvation—inexplicable, unavoided troubles ; their committing themselves not to any plan but floating on the ocean as a seed to God—to the sea and the winds—trustful, in a leaky boat. It is the weakling is us all that finds this beautiful. So with the low condition of their words themselves, the bad spelling of their journal ; treated with contempt by the least of those they had to do with, so contemned that no one would lend them money "so they were forst to selle of some provisions to stop this gape" ; their continually expressed love of each other, "Beloved friends, sory we are that there should be occasion of writing at all unto you", etc.

So they comited themselves to ye will of God and resolved to proceed. In sundrie of these storms the winds were so fierce and ye seas so high, as they could not beare a knote of saile, but were forced to hull, for diverce days together. And in one of them, as they thus lay at hull in a mighty storm, a lustie young man (called John Howland) coming upon some occasion above ye gratings, was, with a seel of ye shipe thrown into ye sea ; but it pleased God yt he caught hold of ye tope-saile halliards, which hung over board, and ran out at great length ; yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was hold up by ye same rope to ye brim of ye water, and then with a boat hooke and other means got into ye shipe again, and his

life saved ; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church and comone wealth.

This passage is perfect : the one man of it, at sea, in the merciful guardianship of God, (washed away, howbeit), relying on his own hands and feet saves himself by force of himself, is hauled back by others like himself ; the minute care for detail, the note of his subsequent illness, and yet, the moral at the end.

And this moral? As with the deformed Æsop morals are the memory of success that no longer succeeds.

But the enjoyment of the lust, the hidden flower they martyrized as the spirit or the soul, has curious turns. Primarily despoiled by providence ; clinging with the doggedness of a northern race, cold, close and slow to that ; they become unfit except where there exists the same sort of stress which brought them into being ; the hard, repressive pioneer soil—of the mind. They must have relied on vigorous hypocrisy to save them—which they did. But this they could not revere.

If the "Puritan" in them could have ended with their entry into the New World and the subtle changes of growth at once have started, everything would have been different, but the character of the land was not favorable. They did try to land further south.

After some deliberation among themselves and with ye Mr. of ye ship, they tacked aboute and resolved to stand for ye southward (ye wind and weather being faire) to find some place aboute Hudson's River for their habitation. But after they had sailed yt course about half ye day, they fell amongst dangerous shoulds and roaring breakers, and they were so farr intangled ther with as they conceived themselves in great danger : and ye wind shrinking upon them withall, they resolved to bear up again for the Cape, and thought themselves hapy to gett out of those dangers before night overtooke them, as by God' providence they did.

In fear and without guidance, really lost in the world, it is they alone who would later, at Salem, have strayed so far—

morbidly seeking the flames,—that terrifying unknown image to which, like savages, they too offered sacrifices of human flesh. It is just such emptiness, revulsion, terror in all times which in fire—a projection still of the truth—finds that, that lost and desperative men have worshipped. And it is still today the Puritan who keeps his frightened grip upon the throat of the world lest it should prove him—empty.

Such would the New World become. Their strength made it but why, why the perpetual error of remaining at that low point? It is that at which the soul, dying in them, not liberated by death, but dead—is sad.

The result of that brave setting out of the Pilgrims has been an atavism that thwarts and destroys. The agonized spirit, that has followed like an idiot with undeveloped brain, governs with its great muscles, babbling in a text of the dead years. Here souls perish miserably or escaping are bent into grotesque designs of violence and despair. It is an added strength thrown to a continent already too powerful for men. One had not expected that this seed of England would come to impersonate, and to marry, the very primitive itself; to creep into the very intestines of the settlers and turn them against themselves, to befoul the New World.

It has become "the most lawless country in the civilized world" a panorama of murders, perversions, a terrific ungoverned strength excusable only because of the horrid beauty of its great machines. Today it is a generation of gross knownothingism, of blackened churches where hymns groan like chants from stupefied jungles, a generation universally eager to barter permanent values (the hope of an aristocracy) in return for opportunist material advantages, a generation hating those it obeys.

What prevented the normal growth? Was it England, the northern strain, the soil they landed on? It was of course the whole weight of the wild continent that made their condition of mind advantageous, forcing it to reproduce its own likeness, and no more.

THE EVILS OF GEOGRAPHY

by G. H. Powell.

If most adages have but one facet of truth, that here suggested is probably less elusive than most others. What has made "Geography" the bane of every natural-minded schoolboy is, one may presume, the arbitrary irregularity of its influence on human history.

If hard on one race, we need not go far from home to satisfy ourselves that it is no less favourable to others. The geography that is one people's food is another people's poison. And probably most of us would agree that the injurious, irritating, or debilitating effect is more noticeable than the other. "La géographie", said Prince Eugène of the House of Savoy—and he assuredly knew what he was talking about—"*les empêche d'être honnêtes gens*", prevents their being respectable people—a strange charge it might seem, but as swamps breed malaria, so it is no less true that certain political "neighbourhoods" breed political distempers of a scarcely less injurious and disturbing order.

That is all the fault of man, some will say. And it has been urged with some point that had all the money spent on wars from the beginning of time been devoted to building Chinese ramparts between every nation and its nearest alien enemy, the result might have satisfied even Mr. Norman Angell.

Two points at least are clear enough : (1) that the set stage of the material world on which the several peoples have through the ages to plan their parts constitutes an immense, imperturbable and *non-moral* force with which all intellectual idealism has to reckon ; and (2) that a nation unprotected by a prominent natural outline finds and has

always found great difficulty in maintaining its independence and even its security. There is no question here raised of the greed, ambition, and revengeful passions of mankind and their natural results on the world plane. The question is what Nature has done, and what she might have done to prevent all this. The effect of the *conformation of the land* upon local communication, society, character, is familiar to every student of rural life. A "sea-side" resident finds half of his normal existence cut off from him. From one side of the Thames valley the riparian owner contemplates meadows, hills, and woods with which a lifetime will very likely never render him acquainted, though they are scarcely half a mile distant, In a northern country, a range of hills, scarce high enough to be sprinkled with snow on a cold autumn morning, maintains an effective barrier between two hamlets—similar yet almost unknown—so near and yet so far apart.

Governments, even peoples, may pass away, but these disjunctive forces remain, and remain—since they cannot be "moralized" by any League of Nations to exercise their own fateful but unprincipled sway upon the activities of helpless mankind.

Thus for a conventional war of the old fashioned dynastic order half a dozen political motives might be found, none perhaps strong enough to counterbalance the vigorous intervention of a broad river or a chain of mountains, none weak enough, on the other hand, to be overborne by the moral sanction of a mere imaginary line, a streak of colour on a map, indicating something as easy to pass as a hedgerow or streamlet. How difficult indeed for sophistical or predaceous humanity to realize any profound ethical importance, "*surveyors lines*" as Abraham Lincoln once put it "over which persons may walk back and forth without any consciousness of their existence", attaching to a dogma nicely differentiating the two halves of things, roadway or watercourse, so palpably one in nature! But even a Norman prince would scarcely have argued that the continuity of its calcareous strata gave the continental invader a claim to

English soil. And the difference between the security of Belgium and that of the United States can only be measured by the depth and width of an "Atlantic".

The ocean, the "Ditch", the "herring pond", so vast as to exclude for ages all thought of friend or foe beyond it, so dangerous as to raise serious doubt in the mind of others than the timid Greek (who reckoned bravery at sea an impossible virtue), whether it were ever meant to be traversed, is first and foremost a social barrier,

"unplumbed, salt, estranging"

the most effective yet conceived for keeping the various human races apart from each other, in their separate dens in the great world-menagerie. The unmeaning indifferent frontier betrays all the time that *we* made *it*, whereas the other—how often!—*makes us*, or somehow expresses and coincides with —us. There is no question here of a "front" or "rearward" line. We and the enclosed area, should such be our happy lot, are *one*, in a sense difficult even irritating for "outsiders", for the "other nations" as Mr. Podsnap called them, to realize.

"They do", he regretted to say, "as they do", with their "un-English" fashions, their eternally mirthprovoking languages, and their particularly inadequate and embarrassing "geography". Our patriotic conception of a Britannia not partitioned off but emerging at celestial command from the encircling main would seem to then too rosily egotistical a view of history. In the rambling scrambling gamble of the dark ages, they would rather say, a vigorous mixed population, not as yet bearing any specially celestial stamp upon it, secured the possession of an island which experience showed to be ideally situated both with regard to its own safety and to its relations with the European continent. If the action of "Saxon, Norman and Dane" required apology at least it required no explanation. The thing justifies itself, in such a case, or else it is negligigble. Nor is there any need to emphasize the superiority of the island as a natural fastness which all nations probably would prefer, but few, in the nature of things, can have. Next would

come, in degree of convenience and security, a wellshaped (i.e. more or less oblong or rotund) peninsula strongly protected, like Spain, on the landward side. Next a continental "country" with a good seaboard, and a clearly outlined frontier at its back. Now that so many minds are wandering away from the prosaic and terrible actualities of the past, into that international Utopia of the future to which the first League of Nations is to fully introduce us, these truisms need to be re-emphasized as the ABC of the Pacificist Philosophy which must guide our steps along the new Highway where the weak wayfarer need not stumble, and no ravenous beast shall prey.

Before the mind of impassioned Internationalism, divorced from the narrow local interests of the past, many a wild dream, we may be sure, no less impossible than the Chinese rampart aforesaid, will pass. If we are "out" to adjust defective frontiers, to "tidy up' ragged ends of national possession or dispute, to remove temptation from the strong and anxiety from the weak, can we help asking ourselves what wonders the "League" might perform had it but the same power over "Geography" as it hopes to have over morals and politics? It would not perhaps be a reflection for us English to put forward. A commission of German Historians would certainly come, nay "jump" to the conclusion that every young and struggling nation should be given three centuries on an island in a temperate climate in which to evolve its individuality and form its character.

Impracticable, doubtless: but we are concerned with Ideals which, as a philosopher lately deceased reminds us, are most effective—even if literally quite unrealizable—when they throw upon others "the shadow of the second best." For the frontier, as the great insulator, provides first and foremost that seclusion which every people requires during certain early stages of its career.

"Keep yourself to yourself" will be its maxim then.

"Love your neighbour as much as you please, but don t pull down the wall"—at least till some promising and well-

reasoned opening for aggression or assimilation presents itself.

Shape, again, it has been hinted, is scarcely less important than security of outline. It is as serious an evil as exposure to be hermetically enclosed by uncongenial or dangerous elements. Our whole philosophy presumes racial unity made or in the making. When we are quadrupling the width of the Rhine, we should do well to accept Napoleon's suggestion and fold up Italy—now further complicated by the poetical addition, or would-be addition, of a lash, as it were, to her lengthy whip handle—and compress Greece into a more solid form... and so on.

Reflections on the great war are tinged with yet livelier tragicomedy. Looking for a definition of the term "frontier" in a respected victorian lexicon of information, we are struck by the announcement, obtruded on us as it were *à propos de bottes* that "Prussia has *the worst frontier of any European state.*" Nothing is said of Great Britain (though we are assured that the sea is the best frontier, chains of mountains and great rivers the next) nor is any other country specifically mentioned. Still less is it explained how Prussia attained her sad eminence. A nervous glance at the title page assured us however that the fact was known in 1875 and does noto riginate in any recent pro-German *propaganda*. Prussia, then, from the cosmopolitan standpoint, has or had a grievance, a claim upon the world's sympathy, in that her vigorous vitality was imprisoned behind barriers of alien territory, like goods in a shop that has no adequate "front", or wasted in the form of emigration to distant climes where Germans, in spite of fond hopes cherished to the contrary, somehow cease to be Germans.

But the grievance, the fierce anger roused by geographical facts which are nobody's fault, led by a course of childish unreason to the crime of the centuries which need not here be discussed. The fierce jealousy of England the rival, the great, the safe, *the clearly outlined*, was in the human sense "natural" enough but should have been restrained by some sense of history, of prescriptive right. Prussia has "the worst frontier in Europe'. Well, we may say, that is not

our fault. We did not put it there. No, the retort may be, nor does the happier position of you who enjoy the *best* "indicate any virtue in *you*". That is what we have to face. How did we get the so coveted position? How did *we* become *we*? was the indignant query of our disappointed relative. The answer can only refer the inquirer to the territorial scramble-gamble aforesaid of the dark ages, in which however certain subconscious principles were already at work. "Well then", exclaims the exasperated because belated would-be Empire builder, "let us have a chapter of mediaeval history *over again*". The answer to which demand is *undesirably* flavoured with a certain quiet humour as of the American judge of whom the plaintiff requested leave to slap the defendant.

"That cannot be done here and now."

An undoubtedly forward but spoilt child obtrudes itself into the staid drawingroom of modern civilisation clamouring to play with the quiet well-dressed guests some rowdy pastime which he avers "*they* used to play when *they* were young." Why may not he mess about with his scientific "frightfulness", enjoy a mediæval scramble, an "Elizabethan age" of his own, play the old rough game he would so like to play, against foe and fortune, perhaps with slightly loaded dice. "Hush! That cannot be done here and now".

Though "it very nearly *was* done", the *enfant terrible* may exclaim, as he is duly smacked and bundled off to bed howling all the way upstairs for "a place in the sunshine", which, whatever it means, may now seem remoter than ever.

Gambetta may have been right about the obstacles to national success, but—the people suffering from "the worst frontier in Europe" may well exclaim: "Geography is our enemy. I tell it you in plain German." And the Hymn of Hate was misaddressed...

Even when the vital points of latitude, security, shape (for too diffuse an area is deleterious to unity) have been decided in a nation's favour, its fate can hardly be considered as entirely settled—even apart from any peculiar psycho-

logical influences. External circumstances, the approximation or arrangement of other countries may seem to cancel or distort the effect of these advantages. The truth is illustrated in the sombre pages of the history of that sister isle which might *prima facie* be expected to share all the blessings showered upon Great Britain. Politicians, whose study goes below the monotonous surface phenomena of crime, discontent and disorder, are reminded of it by the controversy still raging, as it has raged for centuries, about the proper relations of England and Ireland. In the preface to his eloquent sketch of "the miserable history of a misgoverned people" an eminent liberal historian draws attention to the malign influence of geography on the fate of a country against whose well-being the stars in their courses, may well seem to have waged persistent war. The epithet need not prejudice the question, always present in such cases, whether a stronger racial character could or could not have prevailed against it. Climate, an excessive allotment of damp not to say wasteful and undrainable *bog*, vivid type of the whole Irish question—has been one injurious influence, damaging to natural character and industry. And hereby—not to wander into wider questions—hangs a very curious tale. A climate may, by its very severity, *make for the progress and evolution of a race*, as in the familiar case of the Northmen, *upon an alien soil*. But a climate which nurses the weakness of a people, and even provides them too easily with the means of sustaining a simple life, is a treacherous stepmother. Yet the infelicity of Ireland seems as paradoxical as everything else about her. What happiness and security have been—Will always be—predicated of the insular position! Can it be that the infusion of one other element turns all these sweets to gall? "Ireland", writes our philosopher, "is an island, *separated from the mainland by a much larger island*". And the evil is not merely negative. It is not merely that England "blocks the way", that European life and civilisation only be approached *through her*, but that the arrangement throws the sister isle upon that region of the continent

(Spain, to wit) whose influence was bound to be disturbing and injurious. Ireland knows nothing of a "Silver sea". Confronted on one side by the vast and dreary Atlantic, the end as it were of the civilized world, she cherishes vague deracinating aspirations towards the other continent. While over the "home' side one dark shadow broods "England or nothing".

La géographie, voilà l'ennemi.

"My Lord, I wish it were twenty thousand miles away, and that you were king of it." So Charles II voiced the eternal grievance. The experiment might have been an interesting one. It is not John Bull's fault that his unwelcome companionship is forced upon the "other island". He would much rather be alone, as indeed he is so far as serious civilized life is concerned. It is not his fault that an island overshadowed by a larger island is not an island at all, is in fact "neither one thing nor the other", neither far enough off to be safely relegated to colonial independence, nor near enough to be easily subdued in days when a "Norman conquest" was about as desirable to such an island's health as vaccination to that of the infant child.

Thus whatever nation we may elect to regard as our enemy whether "crouching behind the cold grey seas" or separated from us by a doubtful line drawn by some Hague convention on the map, it is clear that there isone war which never ceases, the conflict of the immortal soul of man with the hostile or injurious elements in his material environment. To such a struggle, which is in fact the very life of cosmopolitan civilisation, an intelligent and conscientious League of Nations may well provide the central focus, adjusting the passionate and egotistical aspirations of the constituent peoples to the unalterable facts and limitations of nature, accepting—even at times where Economy and common sense point the way, straining a point to accept—the suggestions of the force which "makes" so many a nation and precludes so many a harassing controversy.

THE LAST DIVE

by Carlos Drake.

He was the greatest diver in the world, and he stood upon his tiny platform one hundred feet above the crowd. The water in the infinitesimal tank which waited to receive him threw off the sun's rays in ripples of gold. A whisper of breeze stirred the coloured sash about his waist. It was an ideal afternoon for exhibition.

"Isn't he wonderful!' exclaimed a young girl. "And brave! But you could dive from there, too, couldn't you?" she added, glancing at the youth beside her who blushed a trifle, screwed up his mouth, shrugged his shoulders, and mumbled something about, "Well, ... if I had to... '

"He'll crack his head sure!" remarked a farmer, contemplatively picking at his pipe with a straw. "I'd say he was a dummed fool, if you'd ask me."

A nervous little woman in blue gingham with an enormous sunbonnet concealing her face pushed her way to the edge of the roped in enclosure where the tank lay waiting, peered upward for a moment, then turned to the small boy who was tugging at her arm. "This won't be much to see, "she admonished wearily. "You don't want to see this. Let's move along somewhere else!"

But the boy objected, "Aw, ma! Let's stick! Gee Whizz! This is going to be real stuff!'

Several people, gathered as closely as possible to the enclosure, were speculating dubiously about the nature of the plunge. A few of them were grinning, and assuming nochalant attitudes.

"I know why you want to see him," stated a little girl. "You want to see him miss the water." And her father frowned deeply, and led her away through the crowd.

The conversation of these spectators, however, was scarcely audible to the diver. If a low hum did rise to his level, he paid no attention to it. At four o'clock he would dive. The hand upon the dial of a small watch, tied to the railing of his support, had passed the quarter hour. Only a few minutes now... But his whole performance would necessitate hardly a minute. He would merely step to the edge of the platform, plunge accurately, flatten out as soon as he struck the water, emerge from the tank; that was all. A simple matter. It was no novelty for him.

The diver was not a young man. Light hair about his temples was growing a trifle grey, and his grey eyes had faint lines beneath. Nevertheless, his muscles were firm. He had always been strong. A life of exposure and hardship had powerfully developed him. Long ago when he had been working on a sailing ship an accidental plunge from the royal yard arm had taught him how to make a clean dive. In his youth he had known Pentagon, the man who had astonished everybody by riding a bicycle off a scaffolding from the height of ninety feet into the sea. Pentagon had been the greatest of all divers, and Pentagon was dead. He was his successor. The fact that Pentagon had slipped, had fallen inaccurately, had been killed by the impact of water upon his back never suggested to him that he, too, might be killed in his profession. He had never permitted himself the reflection that in his vast drop he might one day misjudge the distance, and not strike within the limits of the canvas rectangle containing water hardly nine feet deep. The performance was second-nature, and easy occupation which brought good-pay. Sometime when there was enough money saved he would stop diving, get a home, and settle down.

On this particular occasion he was thinking about getting a home and settling down. A girl whom he knew had told him that, if he would change his profession, she would

marry him. She was a quiet, sensible, good-looking girl, the sort he wanted to marry, not like the girls with whom he had laughed and played while knocking about the world. Yes, she would marry him. "But I couldn't bear the thought of you risking your life unnecessarily," she had said. How foolish! It wasn t much of a risk. He was still healthy and strong. Why! He could dive one hundred feet as easily as he could eat dinner, and with an equal sense of tranquillity. Change his profession? Stop diving now? Ah, no! There was plenty of time for that, no fear.

But her attitude annoyed him. He, the greatest diver in the world, ought to have received more consideration, greater confidence.

He frowned slightly. "What a funny thing! he thought.

Yet she hadn't intended it to be funny. Her eyes when she told him that he must decide between her and his present profession had been quite serious. No laughter at all. Not even that warm look of awed wonder he had noticed in so many of his admirers. Standing there, waiting for the moment of his act, waiting thirty minutes as was his custom, he became vaguely conscious of an irritation in his mind. He was thinking more than he was used; a great deal more than he should. He who had never doubted himself nor hesitated at anything, was at loss now how to contend with the curiously disturbing flow of his thoughts.

He glanced below. It was a long way down. The sunlight glanced off that patch of water; the crowd shifted impatiently. He looked up. White clouds were drifting with immense solemnity across a deep sky.

The watch informed him it was four o'clock.

All right! All right! One more day's performance. One more mechanical act. He straightened his body.

"It's only the height that makes it seem risky," murmured his faint reply to the question in his mind.

Lightly he stood upon his toes, balancing with gentle experiment the weight of his body. He raised his hands

over his head, the fingers just touching. His eye calculated the distance to the tank, the slope downward.

A murmur was spreading below, like the sigh of wind. Features contracted, muscles tightened, eyes strained with excitement.

Now must come a moment of oblivion of all save the act. The diver knew that he must fall within limits as infallible as a surveyor's line.

The moment fled. He tightened, like a coiled spring, filled his lungs. Then... then in that fraction of an instant before taking off there flashed through him a feeling of surprise. "Good God! It is terribly far!" he thought.

His feet left the platform. A cool rush of air swept his body. Down he plunged, down... the crowd was breathless. Sunlight streaked that waiting strip of water, sparkled on its surface, covered it like a sheet of burnished metal. He went swooping straight at it.

For the first time in his career he emitted a little gasp of horror, and shut his eyes.

The water sprang to meet him, and he entered it. There was a sudden, loud, "Spushhh!" Several spectators uttered relieved, "Ahs!" A general movement toward the tank ensued, the clash of voices, shouts, a laugh. Back in the crowd some woman fainted clumsily.

With his usual indifference the diver emerged, but as he swung himself over the edge of the tank to the ground his hands trembled.

The nervous little woman was dragging her offspring away with difficulty.

"Hully Gee, maw! Wasn't it slick?" he was ejeculating.

The farmer transferred the straw from the stem of his pipe to his mouth. He waggled it conscientiously between his teeth. "Dummed fool," he mused.

"Did you notice his face?" exclaimed the young girl, pressing the arm of her escort. "Why! He looked positively green!"

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature

by Daniel Chaucer

VII.

POST TOT...

Rightly considered the functions of the Intelligentsia, pedagogues, lexicographers, philologists, bibliophiles, librarians, textual commentators and the rest is to do honour to Science or the Arts so that a taste for those things may spread amongst hoi polloi, as if hoi polloi were not able to take care of themselves. They—the pedagogues and the rest—should point out beauties; collaborating with printers they should provide readable editions of beautiful works, such as should attract the Public; they should emphasize the fact that words with histories, words that have been used by generations and so smoothed by the attritions of tongues, will be either usable and attractive—or obsolete. Their functions cease at that point. The Lexicographer who perceives that he is a harmless drudge is on the way to be useful—to be a humourist, an entertainer who truly whilst delighting, affords instruction.

But the natural tendency of humanity is to exalt its special functions, I once served in a regiment that had an unimaginably efficient Quartermaster. His business was to check regimental stores, to save the pockets of his Colonel and of the Ratepayer. His Store was a truly amazing place: it contained enough to provide for an army corps; when we moved up or down the line the whole of the regimental transport was needed to move him and his

specialities. In consequence our battalion was amazingly badly equipped, armed, fed and sheltered and—those acquainted with the ways of Quartermasters and other Specialists will understand—nearly all the battalions that came in contact with us were in plights nearly as wretched. I remember a memorable Court of Enquiry into the total lack of braces in the 6th—Regiment that few who took part in it will forget! (Braces in the military sense are not things for the support of nether garments but form an integral part of the webbing equipment of rifle men.) For the matter of that I could tell a story about the accretion of blankets in a Canadian Regiment that I had the honour to command that would put even LIBRARIAN to shame, blankets being nearly as much of a necessity to the Soul of an Army as are First Editions to bibliophiles...

Well, he was an admirable Quartermaster ; but discontent, discomfort, lack of esprit de corps, raggedness, sore feet and a great many other evils fell upon that Unit. Had there been many, his equals in our group of Divisions, not a man of the First Army could have escaped alive ; but the Stores when captured by the Enemy would have been such as to drive Field Marshal Bluecher mad with joy. The admirable fellow omitted, in fact, to remember that he formed part of an Army, which is a body with certain functions.

It is unnecessary to point out an exact parallel : it jumps to the eyes. The Armies of peace, the armies engaged in spreading civilisation with arms other than Lewis guns and equipments that call for no webbing braces, have functions more—or according to the point of view—less, important than those that spread War, Revolution, Civil Tumult and the like. They have nevertheless their functions and those functions can be, and are, entirely negatived by the Quartermasters of their forces.

Of these Quartermasters too, the object, or at any rate the effect would seem to be economy of issue. That is best seen as a *fait accompli*, in the study, the consumption, not of English, but of the Latin and Greek Classics, in

England itself. When our grand-fathers were boys at public schools their days were completely employed on the Classics—but the number of books open to them for study, in indifferent texts and with relatively few notes, was very large. In their education, all told, they browsed from Cornelius Nepos and the Anabasis to Strabo, Apulsius and even to such excrescences as Dares and Dictys. The field was at any rate large enough and sufficiently unteased to present at any rate some interest.

In my own day the field was already much narrowed and much more grubbed up. We spent quite as much time over the classics as they must have done in 1770, but from the preparatory school, through the great public one to whatever was our form of secondary education and through it, we were taken over and over again through the same two or three authors and, not infrequently through the same minute portions of the same authors. I must myself have "done" the *Anabasis* three times, the *Bacchae* of Euripides at least three times and I believe four. The second book of the *Aeneid* I did over and over and once more over again ; the Book of the *De Bello Gallice* that begins *Lucio Domitio, Appio Claudio consulibus* I did so often, the sound of those words was so dinned into my ears and became so distasteful to me that I verily belive that if some malicious person suddenly exclaimed behind my back "*venerat Caesar in Italiam*" and the rest of it I should groan as adults do when suddenly presented with memories of the dumb discomforts of childhood. Nor is that the end.

The editions of these works employed both at the ancient public school and the school preparatory for it were the same ; all with the same type of "notes" by the same dry-minded editor, named Smith—dreadful looking books with cheap black covers and red-edged pages and these same books were "set" for all the subsequent, matriculation examinations, scholarship—, Higher Local or Secondary, and even for the preliminary Civil Service Examinations of a higher class which were open to young men of my day. I have heard it frequently alleged that that dreary coinci-

dence was purely commercial, but very likely it was not, the dreariness of the books, the minds of examiners, schoolmasters, permanent heads of the civil service departments that arranged examinations and curricula all working in together to render classical literature distasteful to children. Certainly at that date—the eighties of last century—everything was done that could be done to limit the classical reading of Youth and if we of that generation wanted to read anything lovely in either Greek or Latin in those days we had to do it in our spare time with minds already wearied by too long hours spent over official "classics".

Why, even of Horace we "did" practically nothing—and as for Catullus, Petronius, the letters of Pliny, any play of Euripides except the *Bacchae*, any Aristophanes, Bion, Moschus... If our fathers had them on their bookshelves and if we had curiosity enough we dipped into them, had our pangs of delight, so acquired our little Latin and less Greek—and passed on to the Ruskinian moralising that was then the fashion.

In that way, for our generation, the Classics in England grew moribund : I have no doubt that in a year or two they will be quite dead. We just read in our father's volumes :

"*Saepe te in somnis vidi...*" or "*Te spectem suprema mihi...* ', but I doubt if on our shelves, for our children, there will be any Catullus. Certainly on our childrens', when they too can write of *Planco consule...* there will be none. Yet, without Catullus it will be a poorish world. (1)

Mind, I am not uttering a wail as to the diminution of classical studies in the youthful world that is a matter for others ; I am merely diagnosing one cause of a disappearance and foreshadowing just such another total eclipse. In

(1) I have naturally talked with a young man or two rather notedly endowed with scholastic honours to-day : one of them tells me that at his grammar school—Liverpool College, for I do not see why the name of it should be concealed—the Classical Master desiring to give his boys a livelier interest in the classics

a very delightful little book on an apparently unpromising subject a similar eclipse, now a couple of thousand and more years old, is admirably described and accounted for by its writer. He is writing of Greek biologists before Plato.

..."With... works of the early part of the fourth century the first stage of Greek biology reaches its finest development. Later Hippocratic treatises which deal with physiological topics are on a lower plane and we must seek some external cause for the failure. Nor have we far to seek... We see the advent into the Greek world of a great intellectual movement as a result of which the department of philosophy that dealt with nature receded before Ethics. Of that intellectual revolution... Athens was the site and Socrates (470-399) the protagonist... The great successor and pupil of its founder gives us in *Timaous* a picture of the depth to which natural science can be degraded in the effort to give a specific teleogical meaning to all parts of the visible Universe. The book and the picture which it draws, dark and repulsive to the mind trained in modern scientific method enthralled the imagination of a large part of mankind for well nigh two thousand years. Organic matter appears in this work of Plato (427-347) as the degeneration of man whom the Creator has made most perfect. The school that held this view ultimately decayed as a result of its failure to advance positive knowledge. As the centuries went by its views became further and further divorced from phenomena, and the bizarre development of later Neoplatonism stand to this day as a warning against any system that shall neglect

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proposed that they should read some Martial—nothing more recondite than that. The plan had to be given up, there being no available school edition of that author. Another young man tells me that having been educated on the Classical Side of a Great Public School and having taken every available scholarship, exhibition and the rest, on proceeding to Oxford with the fruits of his labours, he threw up the Classics altogether and embarked on a course of study newly invented, as yet undigested, having only the works of John Stuart Mill (!) recommended for its curriculum and styled Modern Greats. He said he had been so appalled at that School—I do conceal its name!—by the eternal grind over and over again through Caesar, Cicero, Livy, Virgil and Euripides and again backwards and forwards through the same books of those same five authors that he could not face the thought of proceeding further on those lines... So they had given him Mill to do for him what would otherwise, I suppose, have been done by the Greek Anthology.

the investigation of nature. But in its decay P atonism dragged science down and destroyed by neglect nearly all earler biological literature ..... Pure science was doomed." (1)

So, it would appear, pure literature is today doomed, in Anglo-Saxondom. It makes its struggles, and has made its struggles for three or four hundred years or so—for about as long as the period during which the Greek pre-Socratic biologists struggled with an adverse—or rather with an indifferent world. But its constant enemy, codified and cut-to-pattern Ethics and the Cerberian assistant of that sort of Ethics, sham, textual Learning, have pushed its poor head under water as constantly as it struggled to the surface.

And, alas, men have to live, or we are told so...

Living for the artist of England has always meant lip-service to the Established—to the Established Church for a great portion of the three hundred years, to Established Social Systems, to Established Political Parties at various times ; and always to Established Morality. Of these the Anglican Church, Social Systems and Political Parties if relatively unchanging have from time to time modified themselves. Established Morality alone in its essentials has remained fixed, and a dreary, lugubrious, dishonest, purely materialistic thing it has always been since first in the *Alchemist* Ben Jonson drew an artists' picture of, and warning as to, the Anabaptist elders. Coming from the swamps of Holland and the Wand-Hacke of Westphalia, habited usually in black, sometimes in a very sumptuous black, nearly always contrary to the humour and psychology of the nation—nearly always finding itself in a minority, this unchanging thing has retained its authority by terrorising the weaker elements of the community. The weaker elements lent it lip-service and aided by this lip-service it brow-beat the elements more virile. It burned poor witches, the poor witches in their agonies confessing to witch-crafts ; and then, says conventional morality to

(1). *Greek Biology and Greek Medicine* by Charles Sanger, the Clarendon Press 1922. pp. 16-17.

humanity at large: We alone can save your overlooked cattle. Strengthen us with more power!... It professed—though it hadn't—to have cut off the ears of Defoe and straightway Defoe, though he must have been aware that his ears were on his head, began to decorate his works of genius with the most nauseous beslavering of established morality that the arts had yet seen. In spite of the Restoration it proscribed—and I dare say very rightly (1) — the Drama of Congreve and his fellows and, from that day to this all drama, save nonsense plays, from *She Stoops to Conquer* to *Peter Pan*, has died from the English boards.

It is a mistake nevertheless to call these suppressive

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(1) The doyen of English Critics—the same gentleman who eulogised *Tom Jones* and who seems a curious person to have selected the XVIIIth of all centuries for his critical attentions gives the fololwing account of this matter:

> "Congreve is less coarse than Wycherley and Shadwell but he is scarcely less immoral; and to many readers the varnish of refinement is no extenuation of the ethical result. The drama of Congreve combines, to a singular degree, the very finest literary art with the extreme of what is debased in morals and superficial in sentiment...
> "Congreve closed his brief and splendid career as a dramatist with the comedy of *The Way of The World*. This play is scarcely inferior, if inferior at all to *Love* for *Love* but it failed to please the public... It immediately followed the brilliant attack made by Jeremy Collier (1650-1726), the non-juror, upon the immorality and profaneness of the English stage. This attack was vehemently resented by Congreve and others, *but Dryden bowed to it, and there is no doubt that it met with an instant response from the consciences of the English middle classes*"...
> "Among those favourites of the town whom Collier had the intrepidity to attack the one who was the most open to censure was Captain John Vanbrugh. (16 72-1726)... He had however great merits; an architect by profession, he carries the art of building into his dramas and constructs his plays with an admirable solidity... Vanbrugh left the stage to become the royal architect, and was knighted towards the end of his life. He showed great bitterness in his controversy with Collier, he could not refute the Puritan's plain statement that all the men of figure in Vanbrugh's plays were professed libertines and that, nevertheless, he allowed them all to pass off without censure or disappointment....."

activities Puritanism, as far as England, specifically, is concerned for Puritanism, even in the days of Cromwell, was never a very national or dominant growth. Like Titus Oates or the late Anthony Comstock, Jeremy Collier, the non-juror, was merely a common informer, a terroriser of public opinion.

In this perhaps England differs from the United States. In one of his (1) books Mr. H. L. Mencken—to whom one may well go for information as to this aspect of America—ascribes most of the ills from which his country suffers, specifically and diagnostically, to that inheritance from the Pilgrim Fathers. He is no doubt right. But, in this particular, England differs materially from its larger offshoot. Says Mr. Mencken speaking of the America of 1912:

"Under the original Puritan theocracy, as in Scotland, for example, the chase and punishment of sinners was a purely ecclesiastical function, and during the slow disintegration of the theocracy the only change introduced was the extension of that function to lay helpers, and "finally to the whole body of laymen."

We may put it that was as far as England accompanied America on that road, Collier, the non-juror, providing the "lay-helper" and "the whole body of laymen" being represented by what Our Critic calls "the consciences of the English Middle Classes".

But, M . Mencken goes on: "the new Puritanism has created an army of gladiators who are not only distinct from the hierarchy, but who, in many instances, actually command and intimidate the hierarchy... These experts do not wait for ecclesiastical support, nor even ask for it; they force it. The clergyman who presumes to protest against their (the Anti-Saloon League's)

I had never expected to go to this writer for corroboration; but the half sentence just underlined does corroborate what I have just said as to the *modus operandi* and effects of the professional supporters of established ethics. Dryden, the marked but powerless victim eats humble pie; the majority are impressed; an Art dies. The ethical or civilising values of this Art we may discuss later.

(1) H.L. Mencken, *A Book of Prefaces*, pp. 243-4.

war upon the saloon, even upon the quite virtuous ground that it is not effective enough, runs a risk of condign and merciless punishment. So plainly is this understood indeed, that in more than one State the clergy of the Puritan denominations openly take orders from these specialists in excoriation... Here a single moral enterprise, heavily capitalised and carefully officered, has engulfed the entire Puritan movement and a part has become more than the whole."

In England however there has always been a ruling class and that ruling class has never been Puritan. The Puritans have always rumbled in the underworld and, from time to time, the Comfortable Ones have thrown them a baby or two. To use a figure, in England, Established Morality has remained pretty well in or between the hands of benevolent, rather portwiney, Bishops ; Deans of Westminster a little more strabilious ; Lords Chamberlain who know nothing about it all my dear fellow and lay-helpers of the type of Ruskin and Carlyle.

I imagine such a bishop seated comfortably in his library after the degustation of walnuts and wine. He is discussing with a pleasant wealthy fellow of whom he knows little save that he is the author of that amusing play "Hem! Hem!", a sumptuous illustrated edition of the *Banquet of Trimalchio*, issued only to subscribers.

There enters a lank, black-clothed Atheist and proceeds to denounce epileptically the plays that are being produced in the diocese. The pleasant fellow, Mr. Dryden-Post, turns pale. The Bishop says to the Atheist :

"Tut! Tut! My dear sir! Is it as bad as that? Let us send for the Dean of Westminster!" The Author of "*Hem! Hem!*" slips away. The Dean declares frostily that he never goes to plays : all the plays of the day are pest-bearing. The Bishop says :

"Tut! Tut! My dear Dean is it as bad as that! Let us send for Messrs. Ruskin and Carlyle, Miss George Eliot, Dr. Smiles and the Rector of... Everton, is it?"

The Dean objects that Messrs. Ruskin, Carlyle and Smiles are non-Conformists ; the Rev. Charles Kingsley

is a Socialist and he, the Dean, has just heard that Miss Eliot is living in open sin! (1)

"For a great Moral Purpose!" the Atheist thunders epileptically.

"Indeed yes! Indeed Yes!", the Bishop corroborates from beside the telephone on which he has been ringing up the Lord Chamberlain. "The Greatest Possible Moral Purpose! My Dear Dean! Don't you know *that*!"

The Dean mutters gloomily that he does not: he never reads the novels of his day: all the novels of his day are pest-bearing. The Atheist states that the novels of Miss Eliot are scarcely novels. He requests the Bishop to remember that Miss Eliot has translated Strauss' *Leben*

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(1) "However, when I ventured to ask them to dine with me, to meet Arthur and Augusta Stanley (The Dean of Westminster and his wife!) they came...

The Stanleys appreciated the dinner; they did not think Mr. Lewes attractive but they were interested in *her*. I think they afterwards met both Mr. Lewes and George Eliot at Lord Mount Temple's, and at Jowett's; but these subsequent meetings did not deepen the Dean's first favourable impression, and then *he was considerably taken aback when he found that Mrs. Lewes was in no way Mr. Lewes's wife*." *My Confidences*, by Frederick Locker Lampson. 1896.

We may as well add a pendant from a later paragraph: it shows vividly from the point of view of the then Governing Class, the English Intelligentsia of the seventies of last century, forming round a Centre of High Moral Purpose, into a caste that the dilettante Locker found distasteful:

"George Eliot laughed and asked me to repeat the lines. (Frivolous verses to Mrs. Langtry printed in the *World*!)

"This was one of the few occasions on which I had seen George Eliot entirely alone; it enabled me to know her better, and it made me feel sorry that she had not more natural and sprightly people around her—indeed that she did not breathe a more healthy atmosphere; for unless Du Maurier sang, or W.K. Clifford talked, or Vivier, the horn-blower gave one of his impersonations her *reunions* had somewhat of the solemnity of religious functions with the religion cut out. Her intimates were mostly composed of her admirers, of scientific people, *Litterateurs* and the disciples of that grotesque sophist, Auguste Comte" *(ibid)*.

Jesu. That the Bishop is unfeignedly glad to hear. The Atheist requests the presence at that Conference of Messrs. Darwin, Huxley, Bradlaugh, Gladstone, John Morley, John Bright. The Bishop is delighted to extend the invitations. The Dean threatens to—and does—leave the Palace.

Messrs. Ruskin, Carlyle, Smiles, Kingsley, Darwin, Huxley, Bradlaugh, Bright, Gladstone and Horley arrive at the Palace to which Miss Evans, owing to the quadruple nature of her names, finds admission difficult. The discussion lasts for thirty days during which cinematograph operators secure an amazingly bearded film figuring *The Modern Acropolis*. In the meantime the Lord Chamberlain having visited every theatre of the British Metropolis which shews musical plays with titles like "*To-Night's the Night*" and being utterly unable to see anything wrong with them, rings up the Bishop on the telephone, the voice of the Bishop being inaudible for the contest that rages and certain that something must be done to still those terrible voices the Lord Chamberlain suppresses Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, Saint-Saen's *Samson and Dalila*, and Art's and Crafts Society's performance of *Everyman*, Mr. Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*, a private production of Shelley's *Cenci* and, to please the Emperor of Japan, the *Mikado*. Mr. Dryden-Post who has rapidly changed his play "Hem! Hem!" into a romantic drama with the title "Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!" shewing a seamstress marrying an Earl, restores it to its original complexion somewhat more daringly incarnadined and re-christens it "*Nighty-Town All Change*!". The episcopal conference on the morals of the drama, not one member of which has ever condescended to visit a theatrical performance, continues its sittings.

This is poor fooling—but it is what normally happens and is as nothing to what happens in extreme cases. The Reader who doubts it should read the evidence and examination of witnesses before the late Royal Commission on the Censorship of Plays. A good deal of it can be found in conveniently attainable form in one of Mr. G. B. Shaw's prefaces.

DES POSSIBILITÉS DE LA PEINTURE [1]

By Juan Gris

(Continued.)

La première remarque qui se présente en observant les formes plates évidemment, c'est qu'elles ont deux propriétés primordiales, leur étendue et leur qualité. Je m'explique. Une forme déterminée, un cercle parfait par exemple : aura toujours la qualité cercle en dehors de l'étendue qu'il occupe. Un triangle équilatéral sera toujours de sa même qualité en dehors de ses dimensions. Une forme a toujours une qualité et une étendue.

Une couleur a précisément deux propriétés primordiales aussi : sa qualité et son intensité, c'est à-dire, si elle est rouge, verte ou bleue et à quel degré elle l'est. Un bleu est toujours du bleu tout en étant pâle ou en étant plus foncé. Il y a la teinte et son ton. On peut remarquer aussitôt une première analogie entre la qualité d'une forme et la teinte qu'elle contient, entre son étendue et le ton de sa teinte.

Par un exemple assez simple et en apparence paradoxal, on peut constater que l'étendue d'une forme très qualifiée compte très peu dans l'esprit du spectateur à côté de sa qualité.

Ainsi, un fragment de la partie inférieure de la tour Eiffel est dans l'esprit plus grand que la tour toute entière. Ceci vient de ce que l'esprit a été frappé de ce fragment d'architecture par ses dimensions importantes en le considérant de près. L'esprit a saisi une étendue grande et informe. Par contre, il a été frappé seulement de loin ou en image par la forme si caractéristique de la tour et c'est la qualité de cette forme que l'esprit a retenu en lui donnant des dimensions telles, que seulement un effort de raison peut arriver à rendre véritables.

Donc, lorsqu'une forme est très qualifiée, son étendue n'importe pas beaucoup. Elle peut-être remplacée par un ton.

Ainsi si nous avons deux formes égales comme qualité, mais des étendues différentes, deux carrés par exemple, l'un plus grand que l'autre et ils sont de la même teinte rouge, le plus petit paraîtra aussi grand que l'autre en étant du ton le plus lumineux.

Mais ne nous dupons pas là-dessus. Jamais des grands écarts dans les étendues des formes pourront être remplacés

(1) Lecture delivered before the Sorbonne. (Groupe d'Etudes philosophiques and scientifiques) May 15th, 1924.

par les tons. Notre sensibilité perçoit plus d'étendues intermédiaires entre deux formes dont l'écart est grand comme étendue, que des tons intermédiaires, entre deux tons dont l'écart est considérable comme intensité lumineuse. Car un écart trop prononcé entre deux tons arriverait à en faire deux teintes différentes. Ainsi le bleu de prusse foncé, est presque noir, et on ne peut pas dire qu'il soit de la même teinte que le bleu de prusse très délayé dans du blanc et qui est très lumineux.

Un écart des tons très accentué change la qualité de la teinte. Seulement des écarts des tons pas très grands, peuvent, sans dénaturer la teinte, remplacer les écarts d'étendue dans deux formes, si cet écart n'est pas exagéré.

J'aurai beau faire le carré A. très lumineux comme ton, il n'arrivera jamais à avoir l'apparence d'être aussi grand que le carré B. parce qu'il y a trop d'écart d'étendue entre eux.

Par contre, le carré C paraît plus grand que le carré D. parce qu'il est plus lumineux tout en étant tous les deux de la même étendue.

Une autre analogie qu'on peut faire tout de suite : c'est qu'il y a des couleurs plus lumineuses ou expansives et d'autres plus sombres ou concentrées.

Il y a des formes aussi plus expansives que d'autres. Les formes rectilignes sont plus concentrées que les formes curvilignes qui sont expansives.

On ne peut pas trouver de formes plus expansive que le cercle, ni plus concentrée que le triangle. Ces deux formes équivaudraient aux tons le plus clair et le plus foncé de la palette.

Troisième analogie :

Il y a des couleurs plus chaudes et des couleurs plus froides. Celles qui tendent à s'approcher du jaune de cadmium sont plus chaudes que celles qui s'en éloignent pour s'approcher du bleu de cobalt.

Il y a des formes aussi plus ou moins chaudes ou plus ou moins froides.

Les formes qui s'approchent des figures géométriques sont plus froides que celles qui s'en éloignent. Les formes capricieuses et compliquées sont certainement plus chaudes.

Nous pouvons trouver une quatrième analogie en remarquant qu'il y a des couleurs plus denses et qui ont plus de poids que d'autres. Les terres sont en général plus lourdes et plus denses que les autres couleurs.

Il y a aussi des formes qui ont un axe de gravité très marqué et d'autres qui l'ont très peu marqué.

Les formes symétriques, par rapport à leur axe de gravité ont plus de poids que les formes symétriques et compliquées.

Les figures géométriques et les formes soumises à un axe vertical ont plus de gravité que les formes dont l'axe n'est pas marqué ou dont l'axe n'est pas vertical. Ces dernières formes participeraient des deux propriétés et correspondraient aux couleurs qui ne sont pas denses, mais ne sont pas non plus légères.

Une cinquième analogie serait le contraste plus ou moins accusé entre deux couleurs qui, peut-être, équivalent au contraste deux formes différentes.

Nous voyons que tout cela peut être la base même d'une architecture picturale. Ce serait la mathématique du peintre et ce n'est que cette mathématique qui peut servir à établir la composition du tableau. Or, ce n'est que de cette architecture qui peut naître le sujet, c'est-à-dire un arrangement des éléments de la réalité provoqué par cette composition.

Faire coïncider le sujet X avec le tableau qu'on connait, me semble plus naturel que de faire coïncider le tableau X avec un sujet connu. Il faut donner des valeurs arithmétiques aux termes de cette équation algébrique qui est le tableau. Ceci nécessite une explication.

Un tableau est une synthèse comme synthétique est toute architecture.

L'esthétique a analysé le monde pictural et nous a fourni les éléments. Il est évident que ces éléments s'incarnent en se substituant aux formes astraites qui composent le tableau comme les corps simples hydrogène et oxygène se substituent à la forme H_2O. pour réaliser la synthèse de l'eau.

Faire le contraire, serait un non sens, car c'est un art analytique que l'on ferait ainsi ? Or, un art analytique, est la négation même de l'art.

On peut m'objecter ceci :

Quel besoin aurait-on de donner des significations des réalités à ces formes puisqu'elles sont déjà accordées entre elles et qu'elles forment une architecture ? Je réponds ; le pouvoir de suggestion de toute peinture est considérable. Chaque spectateur tend à lui attribuer un sujet. Il faut prévoir, devancer et ratifier cette suggestion qui va fatalement se produire en transformant en sujet cette abstraction, cette architecture dûe uniquement à la technique picturale.

Pour cela, il faut que le peintre soit son propre spectateur et qu'il modifie l'aspect de ces rapports des formes abstraites. Il faut qu'il ignore jusqu'à achèvement de l'œuvre son aspect total.

Imiter un aspect préconçu, c'est comme imiter l'aspect d'un modèle.

D'ici se dégage que ce n'est pas dans un aspect du tableau que le sujet s'incarne, mais que celui-ci, en s'incarnant, donne au tableau son aspect .

Je voudrais insister là-dessus pour dissiper l'équivoque.

L'architecture pictural, c'est-à-dire la technique, donne les possibilités d'assembler, sur une surface déterminée et qui a une forme, donc une couleur, certaines formes colorées qui appellent certains éléments X tirés du monde pictural.

Nous avons des possibilités techniques assez formelles et

un monde esthétique assez informe. Il s'agit de couler dans ces possibiiités formelles ce monde un peu amorphe.

Un philosophe a dit :

Les sens donnent la matière de la connaissance, mais l'esprit en donne la forme.

Ainsi, de l'esthétique qui est la matière et de la technique qui est le nombre. Le ton et la teinte appartiennent à la technique, la couleur locale à l'esthétique. Ce n'est pas une matière qui doit devenir couleur, mais une couleur qui doit devenir matière.

Le style n'est que le parfait équilibre entre l'esthétique et la technique. Parfois des artistes de grande envergure ont manqué de style pour mal choisir leurs sujets. D'autres, plus modestes, en ont eu.

Dans les périodes d'art appelées de décadence, il y a hypertrophie de la technique au détriment de l'esthétique.

Il n'y a pas de choix et les éléments les plus hétéroclites voisinent dans les productions.

Les posticheurs imitent des aspects connus des œuvres du passé sans en pénétrer l'esthétique ni les grands moyens de leur ordonnance. Car aucun ouvrage appelé à devenir classique ne peut avoir un aspect semblable aux ouvrages classiques qui l'ont précédé.

En art comme en biologie, il y a hérédité, mais non identité avec les ascendants. Les peintres héritent des caractères acquis par leurs précurseurs. C'est pourquoi toute œuvre importante ne peut appartenir que juste à l'époque et au moment où elle a été faite. Elle est nécessairement datée par son propre aspect.

La volonté consciente du peintre ne peut intervenir.

Tout aspect volontaire et créé par un souci d'originalité, serait fictif, toute manifestation *voulue* de la personnalité serait la négation même de la personnalité.

Un grand architecte de la couleur, Cézanne, a une personnalité fatalement marquée juste à l'époque où il a vécu. Ses œuvres ne pourraient pas être datées ni antérieurement ni postérieurement, à la période où elles ont été faites.

Un habile constructeur de surfaces peintes, Henri ROUSSEAU n'est pas un spécimen fatal d ns l'évolution de la peinture.

Ses œuvres auraient aussi bien pu être faites avant ou après les années où elles sont datées.

Quelques conclusions manquent à établir après tout ce qui va être dit.

La peinture est pour moi un tissu très homogène et continu dont les fils dans un sens seraient le côté représentatif ou esthétique, les fils les traversant pour former ce tissu seraient le côté technique architectural ou abstrait. Ces fils se soutiennent mutuellement et, lorsque les fils, dans un sens manquent, le tissu est impossible.

Un tableau sans intention représentative serait, à mon avis, une étude de technique toujours inachevée, car sa seule limite est son aboutissement représentatif.

Une peinture qui n'est que la copie fidèle d'un objet ne serait non plus un tableau, car même en supposant qu'elle remplisse les conditions de l'architecture colorée, elle manquerait d'esthétique, c'est-à-dire de choix dans les éléments de la réalité qu'elle exprime. Ce ne serait que la copie d'un objet et jamais un sujet.

En plus de nécessités émotives pour l'établissement d'une esthétique et d'une technique, il y a les exigences professionnelles.

Pour arriver à l'unité dans le tableau, il faut de l'homogénéité, il faut pouvoir associer ses parties constitutives La technique sert à associer les formes colorées qui composent le tableau. Il faut que les éléments de la réalité qu'elles expriment appartiennent à la même catégorie ou au même système esthétique.

L'analyse esthétique servirait à dissocier le monde extérieur pour en tirer des éléments de la même catégorie.

La technique associerait tous ces éléments formels pour arriver à une unité. Elle serait synthétique.

Toutes les époques ont ressenti ce besoin d'unité dans les tableaux. Une analyse d'une certaine esthétique d'éclairage, un moyen d'une certaine technique, la perspective ; un autre moyen technique, la facture n'ont d'autre but, que celui d'arriver à la synthèse.

Or, permettez-moi de finir en disant, que la seule possibilité de la peinture est l'expression de certains rapports du peintre avec le monde extérieur et que le tableau est l'association intime de ces rapports entre eux et entre eux, est la surface limitée qui les contient.

SOME DO NOT

A Novel.

by Ford Madox Ford

(Continued.)

The voice of Mrs. Wannop—of course it was only mother! Twenty feet on high or so behind the kicking mare, with a good, round face like a peony—said:

"Ah, you can jam my Val in a gate and hold her... but she gave you seven yards in twenty and beat you to the gate. That was her father's ambition!" She thought of them as children running races. She beamed down, round-faced and simple, on Tietjens from beside the driver, who had a black, slouch hat and the grey beard of St. Peter.

"My dear boy!" she said, "my dear boy; it's such a satisfaction to have you under my roof!"

The black horse reared on end, the patriarch sawing at its mouth. Mrs. Wannop said unconcernedly: "Stephen Joel! I haven't done talking."

Tietjens was gazing enragedly at the lower part of the horse's sweat-smeared stomach.

"You soon will have," he said, "with the girth in that state. Your neck will be broken."

"Oh, I don't think so," Mrs. Wannop said. "Joel only bought the turn-out yesterday."

Tietjens addressed the driver with some ferocity:

"Here; get down, you," he said. He held, himself, the head of the horse whose nostrils were wide with emotion: it rubbed its forehead almost immediately against his chest. He said: "Yes! yes! There! there!" Its limbs lost their tautness. The aged driver scrambled down from the high seat, trying to come down at first forward and then backwards. Tietjens fired indignant orders at him:

"Lead the horse into the shade of that tree. Don't touch his bit: his mouth's sore. Where did you get this job lot? Ashford market: thirty pounds: it's worth more... But, blast you, don't you see you've got a thirteen hands pony's harness for a sixteen and a half hands horse. Let the bit out:

three holes: it's cutting the animal's tongue in half... This animal's a rig. Do you know what a rig is? If you give it corn for a fortnight it will kick you and the cart and the stable to pieces in five minutes one day." He led the conveyance, Mrs. Wannop triumphantly complacent and all, into a patch of shade beneath elms.

"Loosen that bit, confound you," he said to the driver. "Ah! you're afraid."

He loosened the bit himself, covering his fingers with greasy harness polish which he hated. Then he said:

"Can you hold his head or are you afraid of that too? You *deserve* to have him bite your hands off." He addressed Miss. Wannop: "Can *you*?" She said: "No! I'm afraid of horses I can drive any sort of car: but I'm afraid of horses." He said: "Very proper!" He stood back and looked at the horse: it had dropped its head and lifted its near hind foot, resting the toe on the ground: an attitude of relaxation.

"He'll stand now!" he said. He undid the girth, bending down uncomfortably, perspiring and greasy: the girth-strap parted in his hand.

"It's true," Mrs. Wannop said. "I'd have been dead in three minutes if you hadn't seen that. The cart would have gone over backwards..."

Tietjens took out a large, complicated, horn-handled knife like a schoolboy's. He selected a punch and pulled it open. He said to the driver:

"Have you got any cobbler's thread? Any string? Any copper wire? A rabbit wire, now? Come, you've got a rabbit wire or you're not a handy man."

The driver moved his slouch hat circularly in negation. This seemed to be Quality who summons you for poaching if you own to possessing rabbit wires.

Tietjens laid the girth along the shaft and punched into it with his punch.

"Woman's work!" he said to Mrs. Wannop, "but it'll take you home and last you six months as well... But I'll sell this whole lot for you to-morrow."

Mrs. Wannop sighed:

"I suppose it'll fetch a ten pound note..." She said: "I ought to have gone to market myself."

"No!" Tietjens answered: "I'll get you fifty for it or I'm no Yorkshireman. This fellow hasn't been swindling you. He's got you deuced good value for money, but he doesn't know what's suited for ladies; a white pony and a basket-work chaise is what you want."

"Oh, I like a bit of spirit," Mrs. Wannop said.

"Of course you do," Tietjens answered: "but this turn-out's too much."

He sighed a little and took out his surgical needle.

"I'm going to hold this band together with this," he said.

"It's so pliant it will make two stitches and hold for ever..."

But the handy man was beside him. holding out the contents of his pockets: a greasy leather pouch, a ball of beeswax, a knife, a pipe, a bit of cheese and a pale rabbit wire. He had made up his mind that *this* Quality was benevolent and he made offering of all his possessions.

Tietjens said: "Ah," and then, while he unknotted the wire:

"Well! Listen... you bought this turn-out of a higgler at the back door of the Leg of Mutton Inn."

"Saracen's 'Ed!" the driver muttered.

"You got it for thirty pounds because the higgler wanted money bad. *I* know. And dirt cheap... But a rig isn't everybody's driving. All right for a vet or a horse-coper. Like the cart that's too tall!... But you did damn well. Only you're not what you were, are you, at thirty? And the horse looked to be a devil and the cart so high you couldn't get out once you were in. And you kept it in the sun for two hours waiting for your mistress."

"There wer' a bit o' lewth 'longside stable wall," the driver muttered.

"Well! He didn't like waiting," Tietjens said placably.

"You can be thankful your old neck's not broken. Do this band up, one hole less for the bit I've taken in."

He prepared to climb into the driver's seat, but Mrs. Wannop was there before him, at an improbable altitude on the sloping watch-box with strapped cushions.

"Oh, no, you don't," she said, "no one drives me and my horse but me or my coachman when I'm about. Not even you, dear boy."

"I'll come with you then," Tietjens said.

"Oh, no, you don't," she answered. "No one's neck's to be broken in this conveyance but mine and Joel's," she added: "perhaps to-night if I'm satisfied the horse is fit to drive."

Miss Wannop suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, *no*, mother." But the handy man having climbed in, Mrs. Wannop flirted her whip and started the horse. She pulled up at once and leaned over to Tietjens:

"*What* a life for that poor woman," she said. "We must *all* do all we can for her. She could have her husband put in a lunatic asylum to-morrow. It's sheer self-sacrifice that she doesn't."

The horse went off at a gentle, regular trot.

Tietjens addressed Miss Wannop:

"What hands your mother's got," he said, "it isn't often one sees a woman with hands like that on a horse's mouth... Did you see how she pulled up?..."

He was aware that, all this while, from the road-side, the

girl had been watching him with shining eyes : intently even : with fascination.

"I suppose you think that a mighty fine performance," she said.

"I didn't make a very good job of the girth," he said. "Let's get off this road."

"Setting poor, weak women in their places," Miss Wannop continued. "Soothing the horse like a man with a charm. I suppose you soothe women like that too. I pity your wife... The English country male! And making a devoted vassal at sight of the handy man. The feudal system all complete..."

Tietjens said :

"Well, you know, it'll make him all the better servant to you if he thinks you've friends in the know. The lower classes are like that. Let's get off this road."

She said :

"You're in a mighty hurry to get behind the hedge. Are the police after us or aren't they? Perhaps you were lying at breakfast : to calm the hysterical nerves of a weak woman."

"I wasn't lying," he said, "but I hate roads when there are field-paths..."

"That's a phobia, like any woman's," she exclaimed.

She almost ran through the kissing-gate and stood awaiting him :

"I suppose," she said, "if you've stopped off the police with your high and mighty male ways you think you've destroyed my romantic young dream. You haven't. I don't *want* the police after me. I believe I'd *die* if they put me in Wandsworth... I'm a coward."

"Oh, no, you aren't," he said, but he was following his own train of thought, just as she wasn't in the least listening to him. "I daresay you're a heroine all right. *Not* because you persevere in actions the consequences of which you fear. But I daresay you can touch pitch and not be defiled."

Being too well brought up to interrupt she waited till he had said all he wanted to say, then she exclaimed :

"Let's settle the preliminaries. It's obvious mother means us to see a great deal of you. *You're* going to be a mascot too, like your father. I suppose you think you are : you saved me from the police yesterday, you appear to have saved mother's neck to-day. You appear, too, to be going to make twenty pounds profit on a horse deal. You say you will and you seem to be that sort of a person... Twenty pounds is no end in a family like ours... Well, then, you appear to be going to be the regular *bel ami* of the Wannop family..."

Tietjens said :

"I hope not."

"Oh, I don't mean," she said, "that you're going to rise to fame by making love to all the women of the Wannop family. Besides, there's only me. But mother will press you into

all sorts of odd jobs: and there will always be a plate for you at the table. Don't shudder! I'm a regular good cook—*cuisine bourgeoise* of course. I learned under a real professed cook, though a drunkard. That meant I used to do half the cooking and the family was particular. Ealing people are: county councillors, half of them, and the like. So I know what men are..." She stopped and said good-naturedly: "But do, for goodness' sake, get it over. I'm sorry I was rude to you. But it *is* irritating to have to stand like a stuffed rabbit while a man is acting like a regular Admirable Crichton, and cool and collected, with the English country gentleman air and all."

Tietjens winced. The young woman had come a little too near the knuckle of his wife's frequent denunciations of himself. And she exclaimed:

"No! That's not fair! I'm an ungrateful pig! You didn't show a bit more side really than a capable workman must who's doing his job in the midst of a crowd of incapable duffers. But just get it out, will you? Say once and for all that—you know the proper, pompous manner: you are not without sympathy with our aims: but you disapprove—oh, immensely, strongly—of our methods."

It struck Tietjens that the young woman was a good deal more interested in the cause—of votes for women—than he had given her credit for. He wasn't much in the mood for talking to young women, but it was with considerably more than the surface of his mind that he answered:

"I don't. I approve entirely of your methods: but your aims are idiotic."

She said:

"You don't know, I suppose, that Gertie Wilson, who's in bed at our house, is wanted by the police: not only for yesterday, but for putting explosives in a whole series of letter-boxes?"

He said:

"I didn't... but it was a perfectly proper thing to do. She hasn't burned any of my letters or I might be annoyed: but it wouldn't interfere with my approval."

"You don't think," she asked earnestly, "that we... mother and I... are likely to get heavy sentences for shielding her. It would be beastly bad luck on mother. Because she's an anti..."

"I don't know about the sentence," Tietjens said, "but we'd better get her off your premises as soon as we can..."

She said:

"Oh, you'll *help*?"

He answered:

"Of course, your mother can't be incommoded. She's written the only novel that's been fit to read since the eighteenth century."

She stopped and said earnestly :

"Look here. *Don't* be one of those ignoble triflers who say the vote won't do women any good. Women have a rotten time. They do, really. If you'd seen what I've seen, I'm not talking through my hat." Her voice became quite deep : she had tears in her eyes : "*Poor* women *do*!" she said, "little insignifiant creatures. We've *got* to change the divorce laws. We've *got* to get better conditions. *You* couldn't stand it if you knew what I know."

Her emotion vexed him, for it seemed to establish a sort of fraternal intimacy that he didn't at the moment want. Women do not show emotion except before their familiars. He said drily :

"I daresay I shouldn't. But I don't know, so I can!"

She said with deep disappointment :

"Oh, you *are* a beast! And I shall never beg your pardon for saying that. I don't believe you mean what you say, but merely to say it is heartless."

This was another of the counts of Sylvia's indictment and Tietjens winced again. She explained :

"You don't know the case of the Pimlico army clothing factory workers or you wouldn't say the vote would be no use to women."

"I know the case perfectly well," Tietjens said : "It came under my official notice, and I remember thinking that there never was a more signal instance of the uselessness of the vote to anyone."

"We can't be thinking of the same case," she said.

"We are," he answered. "The Pimlico army clothing factory is in the constituency of Westminster ; the Under-Secretary for War is member for Westminster ; his majority at the last election was six hundred. The clothing factory employed seven hundred men at 1s. 6d. an hour, all these men having votes in Westminster. The seven hundred men wrote to the Under-Secretary to say that if their screw wasn't raised to two bob they'd vote solid against him at the next election..."

Miss Wannop said : "Well then!"

"So," Tietjens said : "The Under-Secretary had the seven hundred men at eighteenpence fired and took on seven hundred women at tenpence. What good did the vote do the seven hundred men? What good did a vote ever do anyone?"

Miss Wannop checked at that and Tietjens prevented her exposure of his fallacy by saying quickly :

"Now, if the seven hundred women, backed by all the other ill-used, sweated women of the country, had threatened the Under-Secretary, burned the pillar-boxes, and cut up all the golf greens round his country-house, they'd have had their wages raised to half-a-crown next week. That's the only straight method. It's the feudal system at work."

"Oh, but we couldn't cut up *golf* greens," Miss Wannop said. "At least the W.S.P.U. debated it the other day, and decided that anything so unsporting would make us *too* unpoular. I was for it personally."

Tietjens groaned:

"It's maddening," he said, "to find women, as soon as they get in Council, as muddleheaded and as afraid to face straight issues as men!..."

"You won't, by-the-by," the girl interrupted, "be able to sell our horse to-morrow. You've forgotten that it will be Sunday."

"I shall have to on Monday, then," Tietjens said. "The point about the feudal system..."

Just after lunch—and it was an admirable lunch of the cold lamb, new potatoes and mint-sauce variety, the mint-sauce made with white wine vinegar and as soft as kisses, the claret perfectly drinkable and the port much more than that, Mrs. Wannop having gone back to the late professor's wine merchants —Miss Wannop herself went to answer the telephone...

The cottage had no doubt been a cheap one, for it was old, roomy and comfortable; but effort had no doubt, too, been lavished on its low rooms. The dinning-room had windows on each side and a beam across; the dining silver had been picked up at sales, the tumblers were old cut glass; on each side of the ingle was a grandfather's chair. The garden had red brick paths, sunflowers, hollyhocks and scarlet gladioli. There was nothing to it all, but the garden gate was well hung.

To Tietjens all this meant effort. Here was a woman who, a few years ago, was penniless, in the most miserable of circumstances, supporting life with the most exiguous of all implements. What effort hadn't it meant! and what effort didn't it mean? There was a boy at Eton... a senseless, but a gallant effort.

Mrs. Wannop sat opposite him in the other grandfather's chair; an admirable hostess, an admirable lady. Full of spirit in dashes; but tired. As an old horse is tired that, taking three men to harness it in the stable yard, starts out like a stallion, but soon drops to a jog-trot. The face tired, really; scarlet-cheecked with the good air, but seamed downward. She could sit there at ease, the plump hands covered with a black lace shawl, and descending on each side of her lap, as much at ease as any other Victorian great lady. But at lunch she had let drop that she had written for eight hours every day for the last four years—till that day—without missing a day. To-day being Saturday, she had no leader to write:

"And, my darling boy," she had said to him. "I'm giving it to you. I'd give it to no other soul but your father's son. Not even to..." And she had named the name that she most respected. "And that's the truth," she had added. Nevertheless, even over lunch, she had fallen into abstractions, heavily and deeply, and made fantastic mis-statements, mostly about public affairs... It all meant a tremendous record...

And there he sat, his coffee and port on a little table beside him ; the house belonging to him...

She said :

"My dearest boy... you've so much to do. Do you think you ought really to drive the girls to Plimsoll to-night ? They're young and inconsiderate ; work comes first."

Tietjens said :

"It isn't the distance..."

"You'll find that it is," she answered humorously. "It's twenty miles beyond Tenterden. If you don't start till ten when the moon sets, you won't be back till five, even if you've no accidents... The horse is all right, though ..."

Tietjens said :

"Mrs. Wannop, I ought to tell you that your daughter and I are being talked about. Uglily !"

She turned her head to him ; rather stiffly. But she was only coming out of an abstraction.

"Eh ?" she said, and then : "Oh ! About the golf-links episode... It must have looked suspicious. I daresay you made a fuss, too, with the police, to head them off her." She remained pondering for a moment, heavily, like an old pope :

"Oh, you'll live it down," she said.

"I ought to tell you," he persisted, "that it's more serious than you think. I fancy I ought not to be here."

"Not here !" she exclaimed. "Why, where else in the world should you be ? You don't get on with your wife ; I know. She's a regular wrong 'un. Who else could look after you as well as Valentine and I ?"

In the acuteness of that pang, for, after all, Tietjens cared more for his wife's reputation than for any other factor in a complicated world, Tietjens asked rather sharply why Mrs. Wannop had called Sylvia a wrong 'un. She said in rather a protesting, sleepy way :

"My dear boy, nothing ! I've guessed that there are differences between you ; give me credit for some perception. Then, as you're perfectly obviously a right 'un, she must be a wrong 'un. That's all, I assure you."

In his relief Tietjens' obstinacy revived. He liked this house ; he liked this atmosphere ; he liked the frugality, the choice of furniture, the way the light fell from window to window ; the weariness after hard work ; the affection of mother and daughter ; the affection, indeed, that they both had for himself, and he was determined, if he could help it, not to damage the reputation of the daughter of the house.

Decent men, he held, don't do such things, and he recounted with some care the heads of the conversation he had had with General Campion in the dressing-room. He seemed to see the cracked wash-bowls in their scrubbed oak settings. Mrs. Wannop's face seemed to grow greyer, more aquiline ; a little resentful ! She nodded from time to time ; either to denote attention or else in sheer drowsiness :

"My dear boy," she said at last, "It's pretty damnable to have such things said about you. I can see that. But I seem to have lived in a bath of scandal all my life. Every woman who has reached my age has that feeling... Now it doesn't seem to matter..." She really nodded nearly off: then she started. "I don't see... I really don't see how I can help you as to your reputation. I'd do it if I could: believe me... But I've other things to think of... I've this house to keep going and the children to keep fed and at school. I can't give all the thought I ought to to other people's troubles..."

She started into wakefulness and right out of her chair.

"But what a beast I am!" she said, with a sudden intonation that was exactly that of her daughter; and, drifting with a Victorian majesty of shawl and long skirt behind Tietjen's high-backed chair, she leaned over it and stroked the hair on his right temple:

"My dear boy," she said. "Life's a bitter thing. I'm an old novelist and know it. There you are working yourself to death to save the nation with a wilderness of cats and monkeys howling and squalling your personal reputation away... It was Dizzy himself said these words to me at one of our receptions. 'Here I am. Mrs. Wannop', he said... And..." She drifted for a moment. But she made another effort: "My dear boy," she whispered, bending down her head to get it near his ear: "My dear boy; it doesn't matter; it doesn't really matter. You'll live it down. The only thing that matters is to do good work. Believe an old woman that has lived very hard; 'Hard lying money' as they call it in the navy. It sounds like cant, but it's the only real truth... You'll find consolation in that. And you'll live it all down. Or perhaps you won't; that's for God in His mercy to settle. But it won't matter; believe me, as thy day so shall thy strength be." She drifted into other thoughts; she was much perturbed over the plot of a new novel and much wanted to get back to the consideration of it. She stood gazing at the photograph, very faded, of her husband in side-whiskers and an immense shirt-front, but she continued to stroke Tietjens' temple with a sublimal tenderness.

This kept Tietjens sitting there. He was quite aware that he had tears in his eyes; this was almost too much tenderness to bear, and, at bottom his was a perfectly direct, simple and sentimental soul. He always had bedewed eyes at the theatre, after tender love scenes and so avoided the theatre. He asked himself twice whether he should or shouldn't make another effort, though it was almost beyond him. He wanted to sit still.

The stroking stopped; he scrambled on to his feet:

"Mrs. Wannop," he said, facing her, "It's perfectly true. I oughtn't to care what these swine say about me, but I do. I'll reflect about what you say till I get it into my system..."

She said :

"Yes, yes! My dear," and continued to gaze at the photograph :

"But," Tietjens said ; he took her mittened hand and led her back to her chair : "What I'm concerned for at the moment is not my reputation, but your daughter Valentine's."

She sank down into the high chair, balloon-like and came to rest.

"Val's reputation!" she said, "Oh! you mean they'll be striking *her* off their visiting lists. It hadn't struck me. So they will!" She remained lost in reflection for a long time.

Valentine was in the room, laughing a little. She had been giving the handy man his dinner, and was still amused at his commendations of Tietjens.

"You've got one admirer," she said to Tietjens. " 'Punched that rotten strap,' he goes on saying, 'like a gret ol' yaffle punchin' a 'ollow log!" He's had a pint of beer and said it between each gasp." She continued to narrate the quaintnesses of Joel which appealed to her ; informed Tietjens that "yaffle" was Kentish for great green woodpecker ; and then said :

"You haven't got any friends in Germany, have you ?" She was beginning to clear the table.

Tietjens said :

"Yes ; my wife's in Germany ; at a place called 'Lobscheid."

She placed a pile of plates on a black japanned tray.

"I'm so sorry," she said, without an expression of any deep regret. "It's the ingenious clever stupidities of the telephone. I've got a telegraph message for you then. I thought it was the subject for mother's leader. It always comes through with the initials of the paper which are not unlike Tietjens, and the girl who always sends it is called Hopside. It seemed rather inscrutable, but I took it to have to do with German politics and I thought mother would understand it... You're not both asleep, are you ?"

Tietjens opened his eyes ; the girl was standing over him, having approached from the table. She was holding out a slip of paper on which she had transcribed the message. She appeared all out of drawing and the letters of the message ran together. The message was :

"Righto. But arrange for certain Hullo Central travels with you. Sylvia Hopside Germany."

Tietjens leaned back for a long time looking at the words ; they seemed meaningless. The girl placed the paper on his knee, and went back to the table. He imagined the girl wrestling with these incomprehensibilities on the telephone

"Of course if I'd had any sense," the girl said, "I should have known it couldn't have been mother's leader note , she never gets one on a Saturday."

Tietjens heard himself announce clearly, loudly and with between each word a pause !

"It means I go to my wife on Tuesday and take her maid with me."

"Lucky you!" the girl said, "I wish I was you. I've never been in the Fatherland of Goethe and Rosa Luxemburg." She went off with her great tray load, the table cloth over her forearm. He was dimly aware that she had before then removed the crumbs with a crumb-brush. It was extraordinary with what swiftness she worked, talking all the time. That was what domestic service had done for her: an ordinary young lady would have taken twice the time, and would certainly have dropped half her words if she had tried to talk. Efficiency! He had only just realised that he was going back to Sylvia, and of course to Hell! Certainly it was Hell. If a malignant and skilful devil. . . though the devil of course is stupid and uses toys like fireworks and sulphur; it is probably only God who can, very properly, devise the long ailings of mental oppressions. . . if God then desired (and one couldn't object but one hoped He would not!) to devise for him, Christopher Tietjens, a cavernous eternity of weary hopelessness. . . . But He had done it; no doubt as retribution. What for? Who knows what sins of his own are heavily punishable in the eyes of God, for God is just?. . . Perhaps God then, after all, visits thus heavily sexual offences.

There came back into his mind, burnt in, the image of their breakfast-room, with all the brass, electrical fixings, poachers, toasters, grillers, kettle-heaters, that he detested for their imbecile inefficiency; with gross piles of hothouse flowers—that he detested for their exotic waxennesses!—with white enamelled panels that he disliked and framed, weak prints—quite genuine of course, my dear, guaranteed us by Sotheby—pinkish women in sham Gainsborough hats, selling mackerel or brooms. A wedding present that he despised. And Mrs. Satterthwaite, in negligé, but with an immense hat; reading the *Times* with an eternal rustle of leaves because she never could settle down to any one page; and Sylvia walking up and down because she could not sit still, with a piece of toast in her fingers or her hands behind her back. Very tall; fair; as graceful, as full of blood and as cruel as the usual degenerate Derby winner. In-bred for generations for one purpose; to madden men of one type. . . . Pacing backwards and forwards, exclaiming: "I'm bored! Bored!"; sometimes even breaking the breakfast plates. . . And talking! For ever talking; usually, cleverly, with imbecility; with maddenning inaccuracy; with wicked penetration, and clamouring to be contradicted; a gentleman has to answer his wife's questions. . . . And in his forehead the continual pressure; the determination to sit putt; the *décor* of the room seeming to burn into his mind. It was there, shadowy before him now. And the pressure upon his forehead. . . .

Mrs. Wannop was talking to him now; he did not know

what she said ; he never knew afterwards what he had answered.

"God!" he said within himself, "if it's sexual sins God punishes, He indeed is just and inscrutable!"... Because he had had physical contact with this woman before he married her ; in a railway carriage ; coming down from the Dukeries. An extravagantly beautiful girl!

Where was the physical attraction of her gone to now? Irresistible ; reclining back as the shires rushed past. . . . His mind said that she had lured him on. His intellect put the idea from him. No gentleman thinks such things of his wife.

No gentleman thinks. . . . By God ; she must have been with child by another man.... He had been fighting the conviction down all the last four months.... He knew now that he had been fighting the conviction all the last four months whilst, anæsthetised, he had bathed in figures and wave-theories... Her last words had been : her very last words : late : all in white she had gone up to her dressing-room, and he had never seen her again ; her last words had been about the child... "Supposing," she had begun... He didn't remember the rest. But he remembered her eyes. And her gesture as she peeled off her long white gloves...

He was looking at Mrs. Wannop's ingle ; he thought it a mistake in taste, really, to leave logs in an ingle during the summer. But then what are you to do with an ingle in summer. In Yorkshire cottages they shut the ingles up with painted doors. But that is stuffy, too!

He said to himself :

"By God! I've had a stroke!" and he got out of his chair to test his legs. . . . But he hadn't had a stroke. It must then, he thought, be that the pain of his last consideration must be too great for his mind to register, as certain great physical pains go unperceived. Nerves, like weighing machines, can't register more than a certain amount, then they go out of action. A tramp who had had his leg cut off by a train had told him that he had tried to get up, feeling nothing at all. . . . The comes back though . . . .

He said to Mrs. Wannop, who was still talking :

"I beg your pardon. I really missed what you said."

Mrs. Wannop said :

"I was saying that that's the best thing I can do for you."

He said :

"I'm really very sorry : it was that that I missed. I'm a little in trouble you know."

She said :

"I know : I know. The mind wanders ; but I wish you'd listen. I've got to go to work, so have you. I said : after tea you and Valentine will walk into Rye to fetch your luggage."

Straining his intelligence, for, in his mind, he felt a sudden strong pleasure : sunlight on pyramidal red roof in the distance : themselves descending in a long diagonal, a green hill : God, yes, he wanted open air. Tietjens said :

"I see. You take us both under your protection. You'll bluff it out."

Mrs. Wannop said rather coolly :

"I don't know about you both. It's you I'm taking under my protection (it's *your* phrase!) As for Valentine : she's made her bed ; she must lie on it. I've told you all that already. I can't go over it again."

She paused, then made another effort :

"It's disagreeable," she said, "to be cut off the Mountby visiting list. They give amusing parties. But I'm too old to care and they'll miss my conversation more than I do theirs. Of course, I back my daughter against the cats and monkeys. Of course, I back Valentine through thick and thin. I'd back her if she lived with a married man or had illegitimate children. But I don't approve, I don't approve of the suffragettes : I despise their aims : I detest their methods. I don't think young girls ought to talk to strange men. Valentine spoke to you and look at the worry it has caused you. I disapprove. I'm a woman : but I've made my own way : other women could do it if they liked or had the energy. I disapprove! But don't believe that I will ever go back on any suffragette, individual in gangs ; my Valentine or any other. Don't believe that I will ever say a word against them that's to be repeated—*you* won't repeat them. Or that I will ever write a word against them. No, I'm a woman and I stand by my sex!"

She got up energetically :

"I must go and write my novel," she said. "I've Monday's instalment to send off by train to-night. You'll go into my study : Valentine will give you paper ; ink ; twelve different kinds of nibs. You'll find Professor Wannop's books all round the room. You'll have to put up with Valentine typing in the alcove. I've got two serials running, one typed, the other in manuscript."

Tietjens said :

"But *you*!"

"I," she exclaimed, "I shall write in my bedroom on my knee. I'm a woman and can. You're a man and have to have a padded chair and sanctuary. . . . You feel fit to work? Then : you've got till five, Valentine will get tea then. At half-past five you'll set off to Rye. You'll be back with your luggage and your friend and your friend's luggage at seven."

She silenced him imperiously with :

"Don't be foolish. Your friend will certainly prefer this house and Valentine's cooking to the pub and the pub's cooking. And he'll save on it... It's *no* extra trouble. I suppose your friend won't inform against that wretched little suffragette girl upstairs." She paused and said : "You're *sure* you can do your work in the time and drive Valentine and her to that place . . . . Why it's necessary is that the girl daren't travel by train and we've

relations there who've never been connected with the suffragettes. The girl can live hid there for a bit. . . . But sooner than you shouldn't finish your work I'd drive them myself..."

She silenced Tietjens again : this time sharply :

"I tell you it's *no* extra trouble. Valentine and I *always* make our own beds. We don't like servants among our intimate things. We can get three times as much help in the neighbourhood as we want. We're liked here. The extra work you give will be met by extra help. We could have servants if we wanted. But Valentine and I like to be alone in the house together at night. We're very fond of each other."

She walked to the door and then drifted back to say :

"You know I can't get out of my head that unfortunate woman and her husband. We must *all* do what we can for them." Then she started and exclaimed : "But, good heavens, I'm keeping you from your work . . . The study's in there, through that door."

She hurried through the other doorway and no doubt along a passage, calling out :

"Valentine! Valentine! Go to Christopher in the study. At once. . . at. . ." Her voice died away.

(To be continued)

CHRONIQUES

I

Plymouth June.

Editorial

We are journeying Westwards, leaving the helm of the review —on a ship one thinks of helms—for the time being in the hands of Mr. Ernest Hemingway whose tastes march more with our own than those of most other men. There may have been editors who, from the inwards of their chairs, could survey mankind from China to Peru : we can not. So from the decks of the good ship—let us say Ville Lumière—we continue our speculations as to what may be the matter with England. Next month we may reflect upon—let us say, Gotham ; and be lynched for our pains. For we are told that ninety per cent of the inhabitants of the county of Sussex, Long Island are Ku Klux Klan Men... Why then should they not march upon New York, which we believe to be on Long Island, and consummate a horrid sacrifice upon the person of one who is British, Pro-French, Papist, Tory... of us who hold no views upon Prohibition of the Origin of Species ; who being enquirers, hold no views on anything... for long.

We have just been passing along the impossibly green side of Sussex, Eng. where, so heavy are the trees that the hills appear to be topped by the drowsy metallic clumps waiting on the march of leaden soldiers. And over the whole land there spread a pall of dimness, ending just at the rim of the coast but stretching illimitably inland. It is a phenomenon, precise, often observed, undeniable. Cloud it is not, since a rarefied sunlight transfuses even the lower strata ; eclipse it is not ; miasmic emanation it can hardly be. Perhaps since its influence ends exactly at high-water mark we may see in it the reason why the Briton's chief activities have taken place always upon the sea—as to why the only indisputable artist that England has produced was Admiral Lord Nelson. Mr. Kipling, we believe, once gave it as his opinion that the motor car would "make the Englishman" —words, as the late Mr. Henry James commented "which for Mr. Kipling may have some significance but which to me convey nothing at all." And

certainly the motor-car has not done anything of the sort—perhaps because it has to convey its occupants between those painted tin trees along lanes thronged with tin soldiers. Mentally tin...

We asked the other day a brilliant and observant French lady over dinner—she has spent most of her life in the most inner of inmost French intellectual rings and the rest of it a good deal in Yorkshire and Midland country houses ; she had been talking of the absolute bliss—for a fortnight—of English country-house life, and she had gone on to be almost militantly Anglo-phile as to the darling nature of the Englishman, as to his considerateness as a croquet-partner, his deftness in carrying cups of tea and cake-plates over garden-party lawns, his honorability in earnest flirtations... His... oh, well we all know. And knowing our somewhat depressed views as to the state of our country she began to adopt towards us a tone of voice that we could almost call "Nasty" (Pronounced Nahsti). She got as far indeed as calling us "reactionnaires"... words which, as Mr. James said...

Assuming then our most editorial aspect, pointing a rigid finger at the lady's nose we exclaimed : "Will you say now—"Draw-yer-finger-ercross-yer-lips-n-wet-it-n-swear!—that ever, in all your life, anywhere, in Yorkshire, in the Midlands, in Sussex, in London, in the diplomatic circles of Washington, Paris, Kiev, Sarajevo, anywhere in the world—in Oxford, Cambridge, the Universities of London, Durham, or in the Cathedral cities of Canterbury, York, anywhere, or Bangor, you ever met one single Englishman to whom you did not when you addressed him, have to speak down, as if you had been talking to a nice child of twelve..." The lady checked, halted, thought and then said · "But how *charrming* a society of children of twelve... Besides I have met some *quite* intelligent women."

On the other hand, a few days before, we had been talking to the most intelligent American that we know (He is usually taken for an Englishman), and he with a great international knowledge of the world, the war, Levantine ports, bull-fights, editing and other occupations for a proper man, gave it as his settled opinion that the most all-round intelligent, sane and practical men of his acquaintance were as a class the officers of H.B.M. Regular Army. In that opinion we very emphatically concur. So that the image must be that of Mr. Kipling's motor car, driven by a P.B. Footslogging Officer, containing English Ladies, progressing between the painted tin trees along roads throngsd not with leaden soldiers bur by Messrs and Mesdames Noah of the infantile Ark. The image is probably just.

The hidden reasons for this phenomenon are probably two-fold: our male civilian population never grows up because of our national tendency to "muddle through"; our females and our army officers develop intelligence because their lives are passed in the study of the psychology of others. Muddling through may let us win wars, shirk political crises, and drift nationally through life as a vast, loose cluster of not very efficient shop-keepers: but the spirit of perpetual compromise and last moment solution of problems that have puzzled the brain of ages finds its nemesis as soon as it is a matter of anything either of the intellect or of the soul. Admirable social institutions as the English public school and the older university may be they no more approach any sort of intellectual education than do the modern universities or the board schools so that education, organised or even valued, is a factor that plays no part in English life at all. The older Schools teach men to be agreeable members of clubs and clogs on both religion and thought; the Modern Schools teach men to be disagreeable members of clubs and definitely enemies of either religion or any sort of intellectual exercise. So these exercises are left to individuals who, ploughing lonely furrows, are neither heard of nor acclaimed by the republic, and, armed with a few copy-book maxims God's Englishman shuffles, kindly, good-naturedly—at his very best handing round tea and cake-baskets—down an Eternity that, to shew him as a creditable figure must kindly turn out to be an Eternity of garden parties at the vicarage.

The problem of our Women is exactly the same. They too have to watch every change of mood of an enormous Child of Twelve. The comfort and equanimity of the Male come before every exigency save those of the actual Divorce Proceedings. So they acquire a knowledge of the lives, the aspirations, the sexual necessities, of a large crowd and, when you meet them in private life forty per cent of her—and that is an enormous per centage—will prove intelligent, reasoning, reasonable and prepared to face emergencies... I find myself copying the tail of the paragraph preceding.

Our ladies (God bless them!) and our Army officers; (Heave a brick at that fellow, somebody!) earn their daily bread by a close, an unending study of the psychology of others. If either you take the trouble to study King's Regs or to look at life with the eyes of the English woman you will know what it is to pass your life dominating, after ceaseless study, the vast crowd of Other Ranks. For the Officer this monster is the Men; for our women it is the Male. The Officer has one constant pre-occupation, in his ears sounds for ever one maxim: The comfort and equanimity of the Men come before every exigency save those of actual warfare! He must study not

only the Men as a body but the biography, the idiosyncracies, the private lives and the private lives of the wives and children of every single Number of every single platoon. So he acquires a knowledge of the lives, the aspirations, the sexual necessities even, of a large crowd and, if you meet him in private life forty per cent of him—and that is an enormous percentage—will prove intelligent, reasonable, reasoning and prepared to face emergencies with some — with some considerable — knowledge of the expedients to employ.

In the result you have a nation all of whose Males and all of whose Other Ranks are admirable children of twelve, guided in their mental sleep by inscrutable specialists. For just as, in Army life, the views of the Cosmos of the Other Ranks is such as is provided by the Orderly Room, so the views of the Cosmos of the British Male are provided for him in the editorial offices of the women's paper. This is no exaggeration. Our sermons are preached for women ; our books written for women ; our immense daily papers are immense only when they appeal to women and from them our Males take their simple, kindly mental coloration that so shines upon the vicarage lawn.

The Reader here will cry out : But this is an anachronism. The vicarage lawn was a Victorian institution ; it plays no part in modern life. It doesn't... But what then is to become of the British male? That is the problem that occupies the mind as, physically and in the lump England appears above the waves. What is to become of England in a world whose vicissitudes are sharper and much more dreadful? We have lost our easy, old national spirit ; we have lost our easy, old traditional spirit. Imperialist we are not ; neither are we Whig nor Tory ; Socialist we certainly are not... What then? I hear the English reader say... "Oh, we shall muddle through!" as he re-reads an impassioned article in a great Daily calling for the removal of the bunkers to the right of the seventeenth green.

They are probably conduced to by an inevitable disillusionment as to the Social Revolution. As boys, living in the late years of Victoria, when Victoria herself was more unpopular and the Throne a more becobwebbed institution than any man of today can believe, the Social Revolution was always just round the corner. Just going to turn the corner. You heard its rumblings like those of the wheels of an omnibus... As Tories we were prepared to fight it but we did at least believe that the fight would be for straight issues... Alas! Dreams of youth!... And then, there is the state of our manuscript safe which, as we pointed out last month contains not one single male, English contribution of any vitality or harshness.

The dear, nice, kind fellows are all handing tea-cups. The women however write with a certain vigour. So perhaps in the end England will become another Poland which for a century saw all its national life preserved by its women...

But shall we? Our own intimate, passionate, hidden—and editorial—conviction has always until lately been that we should. There, on the rim of the waves is a land that has been sufficiently beloved of its sons; that has great, clumsy traditions of generosity; that has a record of fine stupidities, of muddles not despicable, of efforts not purely materialist, of honesties not solely policy... A great, schoolboy land! Can it then continue to muddle through? It is difficult to think about. Must we, in the end, and so late, turn pessimist? Well, these are long speculations.

Ourselves

We have been rather vigourously assailed, not by our Readers who seem satisfied, but in the columns of certain newspapers because we devote next to no space at all to what is called in England "serious literature"—to articles about subjects. These do not happen to be much our affair. Still, the turning out of "articles" is a mental exercise and we can hardly be said to review the mental activities of the world if we neglect at least the Essay. So, several distinguished Essayists have come to our assistance and this may call itself a relatively serious number. Mr. etc... Hemingway continue...

COMMUNICATION

A Correction

The Editor of the *Transatlantic Review*.

Sir:

The author of the expurgated letter, signed "Old Glory" in your respected June number, requests me to state that I am not an American; and that he was perfectly aware of my British nationality at the time of writing his letter.

Very truly yours,
Mary Butts.

Hotel Foyot,
5/6/'24

ETAT DE LA POÉSIE FRANÇAISE

Paris, June.

Il ne saurait s'agir ici d'un essai de critique générale de la Poésie française contemporaine. Sans doute, est-il trop tôt et sans doute n'aurai-je jamais beaucoup de goût pour une telle entreprise. Ce n'est pas là affaire de poète. Je tenterai seulement l'esquisse d'une méthode pour se diriger à travers les canaux, pacifiques ou tourmentés des vents, de l'Archipel poétique. Archipel! C'est tout un univers. Un bloc de continents plus ou moins liés, plus ou moins coupés.

La mappemonde est un merveilleux jouet. L'enfant qui, fixant ses yeux émerveillés, et par quoi tout s'émerveille, sur le globe enluminé lui imprime une impérieuse rotation, adopte, à coup sûr, la seule bonne façon de contempler le Monde. Tout de même, ce n'est pas à l'unique usage des classes élémentaires soumises aux sages leçons que les géographes pondérés ont recours à l'expérience du planisphère.

C'est d'un planisphère que je tenterai le dessin. Ceux dont la Poésie a depuis longtemps pris tout le cœur n'en seront pas assez dangereusement assagis pour perdre l'art et le goût de faire virer vertigineusement la splendide boule coloriée.

A l'origine immédiate de tout ce dont un esprit possédé de poésie peut s'inquiéter aujourd'hui, il y a le Symbolisme. Les survivants du Symbolisme ne sortent de la retraite que pour faire, rarement, entendre une voix académique. M. Henri de Régnier recevra quelque jour, sous la Coupole du Palais Mazarin, M. Francis Jammes, son cadet de dix ans. Les Symbolistes ont de cinquante à soixante ans et il n'y a pas un seul survivant notable du Parnasse. La génération cinquantenaire? Ce sera celle de M. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier fondant, très jeune, l'Ecole Naturiste, première réaction contre le Symbolisme : ambition d'extraire un lyrisme populaire du romantisme naturaliste de Zola. M. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier a complètement échoué, et tout de suite, du moins en tant que chef d'école.

Ainsi, lorsqu'après 1900 parurent les poètes dont ceux que la guerre épargna franchissent aujourd'hui la quarantaine, la route semblait-elle libre au point de l'être trop, assez pour figurer proprement un désert. C'est là une de ces choses dont toute jeunesse souffre extraordinairement. On verra, succinte-

ment, que, de nos jours, Dada lui-même rouvre les tombes pour s'y choisir des maîtres.

Les hommes de 1900 eurent alors le sentiment de ce que représentait cette désolation par l'absence. Ils se persuadèrent qu'aucune école vraiment riche n'avait si promptement capitulé que le symbolisme quand il restait tant à accomplir. D'entre les symbolistes, ils élurent le plus jeune, le plus chargé d'avenir, d'esprit de prolongement · Claudel. Ils demandèrent à Moréas, qui avait rompu violemment et non capitulé, de représenter une tradition dont ils ne faisaient pas fi. Ils donnèrent, les premiers, toute la gloire à Arthur Rimbaud, véritable émancipateur de la Poésie.

C'est ainsi que Jules Romains, fondateur vers 1905, de l'Unanimisme, put, en 1923, à la fois écrire que le Symbolisme n'avait pas accompli toute sa mission et que ceux qu'on appela tour à tour les Amis d'Apollinaire et l'Ecole de la Rue Ravignan (1), portaient le poids d'une hérédité symboliste. Il n'y a que demi-contradiction dans un tel propos. Quand aux Amis d'Apollinaire, ils ne répudient aucunement l'héritage symboliste. Seulement, ils travaillèrent à l'accomplissement de cet art qui devint, avec Apollinaire, le Surréalisme.

Jules Romains, unanimiste avec quelques disciples chaque jour un peu plus discrets, n'a pas nié la valeur sociale de son inquiétude du Groupe. Si les Amis d'Apollinaire, davantage livrés à l'intuition et, malgré les pires audaces d'expression, davantage ambitieux d'un mode relevant du « Chant » selon l'antique conception, ont été moins dogmatiques, ils ont au moins désiré pénétrer d'harmonie ce Groupe dont Romains réussit souvent d'extraire le simulacre. C'est pourquoi, après la tourmente de 1914-1918, après tant d'années de trouble paix, les poètes venus, directement ou non, de la « Rue Ravignan » sans avoir, comme Romains s'y résolut, donné aucun gage à aucun parti, peuvent se réjouir des similitudes que constatera la critique entre leurs œuvres les plus récentes et l'*Ode génoise*, publiée par la N. R. F., par exemple. Ici, l'ombre de Péguy pouvait présider notre banquet, Romains!

Revenons sur nos pas. L'intuition dictait parfois à ceux de la « Rue Ravignan » des poèmes tels que, plus tard, Dada s'y attardera. On vit les Dada autour de Max Jacob. Elle en ordonnait d'autres qui permirent qu'on reparla de Fantaisie. C'était assez vague. Il ne saurait exister d'Ecole du Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté. C'était inférieur à nos ambitions. Mais la faute (que l'Unanimisme se garda de commettre) des Amis d'Apollinaire fut de ne jamais militer. Apollinaire présidait magnifiquement, sans plus. Il ne signa qu'un manifeste... pour le compte d'autrui. On toléra dangereusement que parussent d'artificieuses anthologies « fantaisistes ». Or, les héritiers du Symbolisme devenus violemment anti-symbolistes, Apollinaire étant déjà surréaliste, déjà un prodigieux inventeur, scandalisant dans le même temps

(1) Où vécurent Max Jacob, André Salmon et Pablo Picasso.

qu'il rendait l'hommage à Moréas gardien, avaient de constants conflits avec cette jeune troupe qui, nourrie de la doctrine de Charles Maurras, prétendait jusqu'à nous interdire d'honorer Moréas. Elle comptait un vrai poète, Jean-Marc Bernard, tué en Artois. Jean-Marc méritait d'être le chef de l'Ecole fantaisiste. Malgré les conflits, c'est à nous que firent des avances les initiateurs du mouvement fantaisiste. Nous répondions par la violence. Il m'échut de dénoncer publiquement (1) les périls de cette « fantaisie » : réaction formelle, piétinement dans un vocabulaire convenu, fixation suicide de tout ce que nous voulions en mouvement perpétuel. Et les fantaisistes élurent pour maître P.-J. Toulet, adroit verstificateur, merveilleux virtuose de la syntaxe et bel esprit de bar élégant. Après avoir été collaborateur de Willy, il soumit le calembour au mécanisme de Mallarmé. Aujourd'hui, la Fantaisie dégringole jusqu'à l'Abbé Delille, en piquant le tout d'un peu d'érotisme muscadin. Ange Pitou mallarméen! Jean-Marc Bernard nourri de Villon, s'était choisi un maître suprême : Omar-Kayham. On voit la chute. On mesure l'abîme. Les fins politiques qui n'ont pas uni à Jules Romains ont ici beaucoup précipité la chute.

A la veille de la guerre coexistent donc : l'Ecole de la Rue Ravignan (2) dont le premier organe fut le *Festin d'Esope* (1903) et qui publie (G. Apollinaire, directeur) les *Soirées de Paris* ; l'Ecole Unanimiste dont les membres multiplient, hors de France, les conférences intéressées ; l'Ecole Fantaisiste, étroitement traditionnaliste, badine, réactionnaire, à laquelle n'adhèrent aucun de ceux pour qui fut fomenté le mouvement initial.

Auprès d'Apollinaire, et voyageur, international lui aussi, s'est situé Blaise Cendrars. Du milieu des *Soirées de Paris*, vont surgir ceux qui, durant la guerre, seront les mainteneurs de l'autre tradition, la plus vraie, la révolutionnaire, les jeunes chefs de l'expression vivante : P. A. Birot qui fait paraître *SIC* ; Pierre Reverdy, aujourd'hui lauréat du *Monde Nouveau* (3), qui dirige *Nord-Sud* à quoi prend aussi part Paul Dermée. Paraîtra-t-il excessif qu'un écrivain dont l'effort fut interrompu par l'appel sous les armes tiennent *Sic* et *Nord-Sud* pour deux des plus admirables « œuvres de guerre » ? Mais, grâce à Dieu, ça ne sentit pas l'ambulance!

L'Armistice. Apollinaire meurt après avoir publié *Calligrammes*. Parti de Zurich, où vécut Tristan Tzara, pour rejoindre Picabia, peintre et poète que soutient Apollinaire, c'est le Mouvement Dada. Très vite s'y rallieront, pour l'accaparer, Louis Aragon et André Breton, entre autres. On les voit se détacher

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(1) Conférence prononcée au Théâtre du Vieux Colombier (1913). J'y produisis un répertoire de vivantes images si vite devenues des poncifs vulgaires.

(2) Aucun de nous ne tenta la constitution d'une École. C'est en 1923 que pour la première fois, la critique écrit d'une École de la Rue Ravignan, composée, notamment, d'Appollinaire, Max Jacob et André Salmon.

(3) Pierre Reverdy a reçu (Mai 1924) le Prix du Monde Nouveau – juste consécration – pour son livre *Epaves du Ciel*, recueil de tout son œuvre poétique. Œuvre d'une étonnante pureté.

de plus en plus d'Apollinaire, ne plus se souvenir bientôt de ses amis que pour les conspuer et rendre un éclatant hommage à Pierre Reverdy. Eh bien, c'est moi qui dis que c'est très bien ainsi, très juste. Dada systématise mais n'en paraît pas souffrir. Dada intuitif bannit le contrôle de la raison critique et proclame: « Apollinaire s'est trompé, le Surréalisme c'est nous. » J'aime cet accaparement si c'est authentique vertu de prolongement. A Reverdy qui « s'est trompé » comme Apollinaire, salut de Dada. Reverdy sera-t-il leur Moréas? Je voudrais bien qu'ils m'entendissent, assurés de ma sympathie vraie,

Que reste-t-il à dire pour situer? Ceci : Capable de revigorer la Fantaisie, Jean Cocteau n'a pas voulu si peu. Mondain, il fait peau neuve ; il pleure Guillaume et chérit Cendrars ; sa prodigieuse activité défend tout ce qui se promet au lendemain. Un peu d'esthétisme encore le lie à une part du symbolisme : celle dont nous n'avons rien reçu. Ce que la Fantaisie compte d'éléments vigoureux encore s'est purifié en buvant l'eau pure que Du Plessys offrait dans une coupe parfaite, archaïque et si étroite.

Déférents ou ingrats, les héritiers du surréalisme font le plus grand des bruits qui emplissent l'univers poétique. A sysmatiser, les Dadas (qui ne le sont plus, ou à peine) cotoient la naïveté. C'est quand ils découvrent Rimbaud ou Lantréamont. Mais, n'avons-nous pas eu tort d'être si discrets? Le beau tapage peut être salutaire.

Les « malheurs du temps » ont pu dicter des œuvres douloureuses. La poésie y a gagné un élément tragique qui s'était perdu. L'époque a pu commander aux plus jeunes de se durcir le cœur. On sait par quelles issues de lumière sortent de ces crises ceux qui n'ont pas encore assez vécu et qui sont érudits sans encore assez de lectures.

On doit attendre beaucoup de fortes choses. En 1924, la Poésie française, expression d'une patrie convalescente que — inouïe migration suprême! — tous les courants du monde traversent à un rythme encore inégalé — la Poésie française, dis-je, est une personne bien portante.

André Salmon.

III

AND OUT OF AMERICA

We had written a long editorial. It was all about Mr. Cocteau who does not, we believe, know English, translating Romeo and Juliet, and the snobbism of language in general, and how pleasant it is to appear to know, to really know, languages

other than our own and how difficult it is to do so, and what profound admiration we have for Americans who really do know French and how tired we get of others who pretend to, and how very much better dadas the American dadas, who do not know they are dadas, unless, of course, Mr. Seldes has told them, are than the French and Roumanians who know it so well—and so on—and it all seemed very dull and not worth writing and then Mr. Don Stewart whom Mr. Tzara cannot read in the original, and we feel sure has not yet read in translation, brought us I. Gaspiri by Ring Lardner.

For its publication we are indebted primarily to Mr. Lardner, secondarily to Mr. Stewart, and in the tertiary stage to Mr. Ben Hecht who borrowed it from Mr. Stewart to copy and then printed it in the Chicago Literary Times from which we reprint it.

Our only regret is that Mr. Tzara will be unable to read it. But there may, ultimately, be a translation. By that time though Mr. Tzara will probably be too busy on a translation of Marlowe or some other Elizabethan for next year's Cigale to bother.

I. GASPIRI

(*The Upholsterers*)

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

by Ring Lardner.

Adapted from the Bukovinan of Casper Redmonda.

CHARACTERS

Ian Obri—*A Blotter Salesman.*
Johan Wasper—*His wife.*
Greta—*Their daughter.*
Herbert Swope.
Ffena—*Their daughter, later their wife.*
Egso—*A Pencil Guster.*
Tono—*A Typical Wastebasket.*

ACT I

A public street in a bathroom. A man named Tupper has evidently just taken a bath. A man named Brindle is now taking a bath. A man named Newburn comes out of

the faucet which has been left running. He exits through the exhaust. Two strangers to each other meet on the bath mat.

FIRST STRANGER.

Where was you born?

[SECOND STRANGER.]

Out of wedlock.

FIRST STRANGER.

That's a mighty pretty country around there.

[SECOND STRANGER.]

Are you married?

FIRST STRANGER.

I don't know. There's a woman living with me, but I can't place her.

(Three outsiders named Klein go across the stage three times. They think they are in a public library. A woman's cough is heard off-stage left.)

A NEW CHARACTER.

Who is that cough?

[TWO MOORS.]

That is my mother. She died a little while ago in a haphazard way.

[A GREEK.]

And what a woman she was!

(The curtain is lowered for seven days to denote the lapse of a week.)

ACT III

(The Lincoln Highway. Two bearded glue lifters are seated at one side of the road.)

(TRANSLATORS NOTE.—The principle industry in Phlace is hoarding hay. Peasants sit alongside of a road on which hay wagons are likely to pass. When a hay wagon does pass, the hay hoarders leap from their points of vintage and help themselves to a wisp of hay. On an average a hay hoarder accumulates a ton of hay every four years. This is called Mah Jong.)

FIRST GLUE LIFTER.

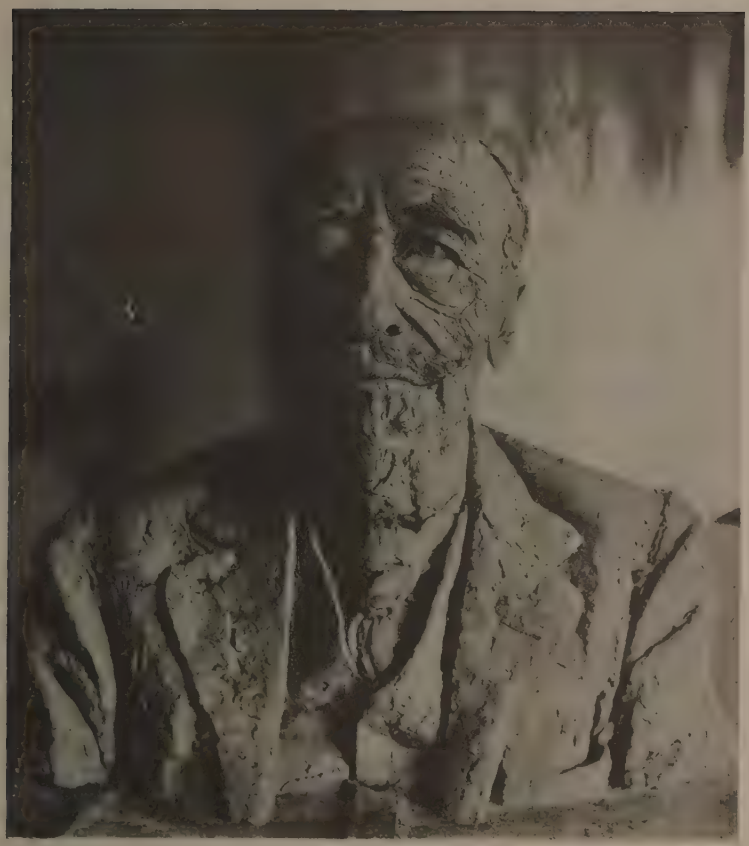
Well, my man, how goes it?

SECOND GLUE LIFTER.

(Sings "My Man," to show how it goes.)

(Eight realtors cross the stage in a friendly way. They are out of place.)

CURTAIN.



Bust in Clay for Bronze of

JOSEPH CONRAD

by

JACOB EPSTEIN

transatlantic review.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRAGMENTS FROM WORK IN PROGRESS OR TO APPEAR.

I.

by JOSEPH CONRAD (1).

For years my consciousness of this small piece of collaboration has been very vague, almost impalpable, like fleeting visits from a ghost. If I ever thought of it, and I must confess that I can hardly remember ever doing it on purpose till it was brought definitely to my notice by my Collaborator, I always regarded it as something in the nature of a fragment. I was surprised and even shocked to discover that it was rounded. But I need not have been. Rounded as it is in form, using the word form in its simplest sense—printed form—it remains yet a fragment from its very nature and also from necessity. It could never have become anything else. And even as a fragment it is but a fragment of something else that might have been—of a mere intention.

But, as it stands, what impresses me most is the amount this fragment contains of the crudely materialistic atmosphere of the time of its origin, the time when the *English Review* was founded. It emerges from the depths of a past as distant from us now as the square-skirted, long frock-coats in which unscrupulous, cultivated, high-minded *jouisseurs* like ours here attended to their strange business activities and cultivated the little blue flower of sentiment.

(1) From Preface to the book-form of a NATURE OF A CRIME the story appearing in Vol. i, No's 1 and 2 of *the transatlantic review*.

No doubt our man was conceived for purposes of irony; but our conception of him, I fear, is too fantastic.

Yet the most fantastic thing of all, it seems to me, is that we two who had so often discussed soberly the limits and methods of literary composition should have believed for a moment that a piece of work in the nature of an analytical confession (produced *in articulo mortis* as it were) could have been developed and achieved in collaboration!

What optimism! But it did not last long. I seem to remember a moment when I burst into earnest entreaties that all these people should be thrown overboard without more ado. This, I believe *is* the real nature of the crime. Overboard. The neatness and dispatch with which it is done in Chapter VIII was wholly the act of my collaborator's good nature in the face of my panic.

After signing these few prefatory words I will pass the pen to him in the hope that he may be moved to contradict me on every point of fact, impression and appreciation. I said "the hope". Yes, eager hope. For it would be delightful to catch the echo of the desperate, earnest and funny quarrels which enlivened those old days. The pity of it that there comes a time when all the fun of one's life must be looked for in the past.

J. C.

II.

by F. M. HUEFFER.

No, I find nothing to contradict, for, the existence of this story having been recalled to my mind by a friend, the details of its birth and its attendant circumstances remain for me completely forgotten, a dark, blind spot on the brain. I cannot remember the houses in which the writing took place, the view from the windows, the pen, the table cloth. At a given point in my life I forgot, literally, all the books I had ever written; but, if nowadays I re-read

one of them, though I possess next to none and have re-read few, nearly all the phrases come back startlingly to my memory and I see glimpses of Kent, of Sussex, of Carcassonne—of New York, even; and fragments of furniture, mirrors, who knows what? So that, if I didn't happen to retain, almost by a miracle, for me, of retention, the marked up copy of *Romance* from which was made the analysis lately published in a certain periodical, I am certain that I could have identified the phrases exactly as they stand. Looking at the book now I can hear our voices as we read one passage or another aloud for purposes of correction. Moreover I could say: This passage was written in Kent and hammered over in Sussex; this, written in Sussex and worked on in Kent; or this again was written in the downstairs café and hammered in the sitting room on the first-floor, of an hotel that faces the sea on the Belgian coast.

But of the *Nature of a Crime* no phrase at all suggests either the tones of a voice or the colour of a day. When an old friend, last year, on a Parisian Boulevard said: "Isn't there a story by yourself and Collaborator buried in the So & So?" I repudiated the idea with a great deal of heat. Eventually I had to admit the, as it were, dead fact. And, having admitted that to myself, and my Colaborator having corroborated it, I was at once possessed by a sort of morbid craving to get the story re-published in a definitive and acknowledged form. One may care infinitely little for the fate of one's work and yet be almost hypochondriacally anxious as to the form its publication shall take—if the publication is likely to occur posthumously. I became at once dreadfully afraid that some philologist of that Posterity for which one writes, might, in the course of his hyaena occupations, disinter these poor bones and, attributing sentence one to writer A and sentence two to b, maul at least one of our memories. With the nature of *those* crimes one is only too well acquainted. Besides, though one may never read comments one desires to get them over. It is indeed agreeable to hear a storm rage in the distance and rumble eventually away.

Let me, however, since my Collaborator wishes it and in the name of Fun that is to-day hardly an echo, differ from him for a shade as to the nature of those passages of time. I protest against the word : quarrels. There were not any. And I should like to make the note that our collaboration was almost purely oral. We wrote and read aloud the one to the other. Possibly in the end we even wrote *to* read aloud the one to the other : for it strikes me very forcibly that the *Nature of a Crime* is for the most part prose meant for recitation, or of that type.

Anyhow, as the memory comes back to me overwhelmingly, I would read on and read on. One begins with a fine propulsion. Sometimes that would last to the end. But, as often as not, by a real telepathy, with my eyes on the page and my voice going on I would grow aware of an exaggerated stillness on the part of my Collaborator in the shadows. It was an extraordinary kind of stillness : not of death : not of an ice age. Yes, it was the stillness of a prisoner on the rack determined to conceal an agony. I would read on, my voice gradually sticking to my jaws. When it became unbearable I would glance up. On the other side of the hearth I would have a glimpse of a terribly sick man, of a convulsed face, of fingers contorted. Guido Fawkes beneath the *peine forte et dure* looked like that. You are to remember that we were very serious about writing. I would read on. After a long time it would come : "Oh!... Oh, Oh!... Oh my God... My dear Ford... My dear faller..." (That in those days was the fashionable pronunciation of "fellow".)

For myself, I would listen always with admiration. Always with an admiration that I have never since re-captured. And if there were admirablenesses that did not seem to me to fit in with the given scene I could at least, at the end of the reading say with perfect sincerity : "Wonderful! *How* you do things!..." before beginning on : "But don't you perhaps think'"...

And I really do not believe that either my Collaborator or myself ever made an objection which was not jointly

sustained. That is not quarrels. When I last looked through the bound proofs of *Romance* I was struck with the fact that whereas my Collaborator eliminated almost every word of action and eighty per cent of the conversation by myself, I supplied almost all the descriptive passages of the really collaborated parts—and such softer sentiment as was called for. And my Collaborator let them get through.

All this took place long ago ; most of it in another century during another reign ; whilst an earlier but not less haughty and proud generation were passing away.

F. M. F.

FRAGMENTS III.

PHILOSOPHIES.

by Jean Cocteau.

I.

CONSEILS.

Angoisser vite et bien
est indispensable pour se faire comprendre d'une foule de fleurs et aussi pour cracher ou vérifier vagues, roses, bouteilles, souffrances humaines, secrets de beauté, secrets de l'âme, crimes, limaces, contes de Noël, etc...

Demandez à l'océan sa bordure coûteuse qui vous donnera le moyen de vivre en quelques semaines, moyennant une heure de larmes chez vous.

Pas de mensonges naïfs ; rien que des preuves de mort.

II.

CARNET DE L'AMIRAL X...

21 *Septembre.*

J'ai tué, d'un seul coup de fusil dans la tête, un gros serpent. Ces serpents sont un véritable cortège. La nouvelle de la mort fut si longue à parvenir d'un bout à l'autre, qu'une fois la tête fracassée, la queue était encore toute contente de vivre.

25 *Septembre.*

On peut voir son ange gardien au ralenti. Surtout si on fume l'opium. Tout ce qui existe a une vitesse. Nous ne le sentons pas plus que nous ne sentons la terre tourner. Après trente pipes, le corps atteint une grande vitesse. Que notre ange veuille bien diminuer la sienne, trop rapide pour notre esprit, on le touche et on lui parle.

J'ai vu le mien. C'était un ami, mort à Dresde en 89.

1er *Octobre.*

A son cinquantième vol H. a rencontré des aréogynes. Il montait à 5.000 mètres d'altitude et il les voyait mal. Elles portent des maillots blancs et envoient des baisers. Elles auraient l'air de femmes un peu plus petites que nature.

2 *Octobre.*

A 9 le vent tourne 10. A 10 le vent tourne 8. A 12 le vent ne tourne pas. Ils disent que le vent caille.

3 *Octobre.*

Quand un nègre voit *La Cycliste*, il est rare que quelqu'un ne meure pas le lendemain. Elle traverse l'oasis en roue libre, elle sourit et porte des jupes-culottes.

4 *Octobre.*
Rien.

5 *Octobre.*
Une bouteille! On la débouche: c'est du champagne, une lettre d'amour et une échelle de corde.

6 *Octobre.*
Rien encore.

7 *Octobre.*
Vent du Sud, Croix du Sud.

11 *Octobre.*
Je mangeais une tarte aux abricots avec le duc d'Aumale. Cette tarte était couverte de guêpes. Nous essayâmes en vain de les chasser. Or, c'étaient des tigres. Ils rôdaient à plusieurs milles. Un phénomène de mirage les projetait en tout petit juste au-dessus de notre tarte et nous les faisait prendre pour des guêpes.

12 *Octobre.*
Rien n'est plus drôle que de voir nos indigènes courir après les vagues dont ile veulent arracher les plumes. "Beaucoup argent! Beaucoup argent!" disent-ils. (Seuls mots français qu'ils sachent.) Ils appellent les vagues: Truches (autruches) et nous montrent que, comme les autruches, elles mangent des cailloux. Par contre, Lady W. avait un éventail en plumes d'autruches qu'elle agitait contre sa gorge. Ils baissèrent les yeux, prenant cet éventail pour la mer et Lady W. pour une baigneuse. (Les femmes indigènes ne se baignent jamais.)

19 *Octobre.*
M. a de l'opium rouge, l'opium spécial de l'Empereur de Chine. Grâce à cette drogue qu'on supporte à la longue,

il se promène, mange, bavarde avec les morts. Ils lui disent que tout est pareil, qu'ils vivent aussi près de nous que le côté pile d'un dollar du côté face, et que simplement son opium rend la matière du dollar transparente.

A part cela, rien de neuf.

30 *Octobre.*

Le duc porte toujours sur lui une petite boîte d'or remplie de carottes en rondelles. Il prétend qu'une seule de ces rondelles vaut un repas copieux.

1er *Novembre.*

On pille partout. Hier on a volé la boîte d'or du duc. Lady W. trouve que nous devrions baptiser la ville : Voilalapolis. Cette femme d'esprit égaye nos longues haltes.

2 *Novembre.*

Rien.

3 *Novembre.*

Rien.

4 *Novembre.*

Blanch. Cravates soir. Hôtel, adresse de F. Écrire ministre. Clous pour caisse.

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  10
   2
  45
   2,50
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 59,50
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6 *Novembre.*

Lady W. dit "Le crime est une rose rouge. L'assassin, pour peu qu'il soit gentleman cambrioleur, ne résiste pas à l'imprudence de mettre cette rose à sa boutonnière. Il se montre avec au casino. C'est la fleuriste qui les dénonce tous."

4 *Décembre.*

La nuit du Babou (équinoxe) on vous montre les grands aveugles de plâtre. Ils se tiennent immobiles à droite et à gauche de la Voie Lactée.

7 *Décembre.*

Dîner à l'ambassade.

9 *Décembre.*

Rien. Lettre de Pauline.

Ici s'arrête le carnet de l'Amiral X...

FRAGMENT IV

by Donald Ogden Stewart (1).

Old Brother Lucius Dean, Beta '93, was having the time of his young life. He was seated, in white soft collegiate shirt and knickerbockers, on a table at the Beta chapter house of the Alpha Psi fraternity house with a stein of beer in one hand and a pipe in the other. With the stein he was quietly unconsciously beating time to the strains of the Alpha Psi song which was being played for the twelfth time that afternoon at his request by an undergraduate member on the fraternity piano (gift of Brother Dean '93). Two other undergraduate "brothers" were seated in the large room, looking out of the window.

"For here's to good old Alpha Psi" hummed Brother Dean softly—"dum de dum dum years go by '—he whistled a few bars—"ne'er forget"—a sip of warm foamless beer—"life's dark ning wood, The friendships of—our—brotherhood."

The piano player stopped suddenly and got up.

"Going?" asked Brother Dean, with a comradely smile.

"Why I think I'd better" replied the pianist "I—I've got to meet a fellow".

"That's too bad" replied Brother Dean". "So long old man". He put down the beer, got off the table and solemnly gave the departing brother the Alpha Psi handshake.

He liked these boys, did Brother Dean. He liked to come back here every year and live over his college days. They had been happy times, those college days of Lucius

(1) From John Brown's Body. A novel.

Dean '93. He had been popular, admired, worshipped. The football team which he captained had gone through the season without a defeat; in the trophy house, under a glass case, was the very football which fleet wriggling "Luke" Dean had carried seven times over the opponent's goal line in the big game of the year. Those were the times, too, when football was football and a man played two 50 minute halves without a substitute. And on the walls of the Gymnasium were tablets commemorating the fact that L. Dean of the class of 1893 had run the 100 yard dash in 10-4/5 sec. and the 220 yard dash in 22-3/5 sec. thereby establishing two new collegiate records.

Lucius Dean liked to come back to college and wander through the trophy house and the gymnasium especially when there were other visitors doing the same thing. He liked to return to his alma mater at the time of the big game, perhaps a few days before, so that he could help with the coaching. He liked to walk nervously up and down the field in front of the crowded cheering amphitheatre on the big day when older men would call from their seats "Give em hell, Luke" to him, and undergraduates would whisper to fair companions "That's Luke Dean —famous team of '93 —rolled up a total of 214 points in one year". He liked to talk to the team between the halves—he liked to stand in the locker room in the midst of the sweating silent players and gradually work up to "Boys—you've got to do something this next half. You're playing ring around the rosey, not football. You've got to kill them every damned dirty red-bellied one. When you hit—hit to kill. And when you tackle, don't let the man get up until he's carried off the field. Boys—go out there, and give 'em *hell*". There was an indescribable spine-stirring something about the way "Luke" Dean uttered that final "hell", especially as he always accompanied it with a crashing of his new Derby hat against the clenched knuckles of his left fist. In the past twelve years "Give 'em hell" Luke Dean had ruined twelve new Derby hats.

He always wore the shattered headpiece, even though

there was danger of his catching cold from exposure. "Luke" Dean loved his college to the extent that a cold in the head was nothing if only the boys might win the big game. So he wore the heroically sacrificed Derby all the rest of the cold November afternoon. He even did not mind wearing it in front of 20,000 people.

He also always made a point of attending the annual banquet of the Alpha Psi fraternity, where he was given a seat of honor and invariably called on for a speech to which he invariably responded.

"Brother members" he would say in reply to the cheering which always greeted the toastmaster's reference to "Give 'em hell" Dean and the team of '93—"Brother members—I did not come here prepared to make a speech".

Then he would talk for fifty minutes about football then and now, leading from that to the valuable lessons of the athletic field.

"Boys" he would say "Studies are all right. You must not neglect your studies. But if anyone were to ask me what factor in my college life had helped me most in after years, I would say not the studies, although they have been a great help—not the studies, nor the sermons which we used to hear from old President Laurence, that fine great man whom we all admired and worshipped—no, not the sermons—but boys, the thing that helped me most were the lessons I got out there on old Fowler Field—I tell you, boys, the greatest factor in helping me through the battle of life was the game of 1892 when they had us 10 to 0 on our own 4 yard line with only a few minutes left to play—and we beat 'em".

And inasmuch as Miss Mary Oliver daughter of old Tod Oliver, President of the Oliver foundry and later Mrs. Lucius Dean, had been present at the memorable game of 1892, Brother Dean's statement was not without a certain amount of truth.

"But boys", he would continue, "I am not, as I have said, a speech maker. I only want to emphazise one thing before I close. Boys—enjoy yourself while you are here.

Take the word of an older man who is speaking to you—take the word of Brother "Luke" Dean when he tells you—boys, these are the happiest years of your life."

And he spoke what was to him the truth.

And so he sat this June afternoon on the fraternity house table and wished he might convey to these lucky undergraduates in some way the great truth as he had come to learn it. He wished he might show them that he, Lucius Dean, was still the same "Luke" Dean who had made the seven touchdowns and won the presidency of his class and the Walker Gordon prize. He wished that somehow he might *be* that same "Luke" Dean again—respected, admired, worshipped.

"Well boys" he said, putting down his beer and sliding off the table "did I ever tell you about the time Jim Radford" The telephone rang.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dean" said one undergraduate, "I'll answer the telephone".

"Certainly' replied Brother Dean "Certainly".

He turned to the remaining Alpha Psi.

"Well, Jim Radford was playing tackle against a great big—you don't mind hearing this, do you?"

"Oh not at all —please," replied the young undergraduate. "Please let's hear it. Go on Mr. Dean."

"Well, I don't want to bother you young boys—"

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Dean" said the young boy "We like to have you—"

"Really?" asked Brother Dean eagerly.

"Why sure we do" replied the young "Brother". "Sure we do".

"Well" continued Brother Dean "What was I saying—oh yes—Jim Radford was playing tackle—Jim was a great big whale of a fellow".

The other under-graduate returned.

"It's for you Mr. Dean" he announced.

"Mrs. Dean says that you must come to the hotel immediately as dinner is at 8—immediately, she said".

"Oh, all right" replied Brother Dean. "She's the

captain boys. I swear I hate go to. Well you boys have been mighty nice—I suppose you will be here tomorrow."

"Oh yes sir—yes sir—do come over."

"I think I will" said Mr. Dean "just for a while. Perhaps there will be more of you boys about then—there weren't many here today. I like to talk to you boys—I've got a new game I want to show you, too—we can play it outdoors in the yard—lots of fun. Well goodbye boys—"

"Goodbye, Mr. Dean".

The Alpha Psi handshakes were exchanged.

Brother Dean left the building, humming the Alpha Psi song.

One of the undergraduates went into the hall of the three storied chapter house and whistled shrilly between his teeth.

Gradually the large room filled with young men.

NOTES & REVIEWS

I

THE QUARTER'S BOOKS

London, June.

Nobody ot my acquaintance has read all the quarter's books, and I certainly have not. Besides they are still coming out like the rhododendron blossoms in the spring Mr. Maurice Baring has just produced a novel of seven hundred and fifty pages for instance. He has economised, however, on the title which consists of the one letter "C", but that is all I have read so far. And Miss May Sinclair has produced a novel in verse, which must wait, and Mr. E.M. Forster, so long silent, is about to burst on us again. Perhaps it might be more profitable as well as honest, to record the number, of books that one ought not to have read and did read when one's attention should have been fixed on the present.—Evelyn and Pepys, perhaps, and "Sir Charles Grandison". But Richardson suggests letters, and letters suggest Mrs. Carlyle, from whom another two hundred odd letters have been published by Mr. Leonard Huxley (Murray). Every movement tells in a letter by Jane Carlyle. She can invest the most ordinary action with a comic point, going to bed, sitting by the fire, riding in a bus or cooking a dinner ; and all her visitors, from Mazzini to that heroic bore Dr. John Caryle, were snatched up into her comedy, based as it was, like all good comedy, on tragedy. The tragedy, of course, was mainly in her own imagination, and where else, pray, is tragedy to be found ? Old Edward Sterling imagined himself to be sore stricken when his wife died, but his tragedy was not as dire as Mrs. Carlyle's comedy when she was chosen as his comforter.

"I had not been seated more than ten minutes when startled by the sound of Carlyle's voice in the lobby enquiring for me—I thought the house must have taken fire, such an occurrence as C's coming to seek me anywhere was so unprecedented.

—'My dear' says he opening the drawing room door, here has Old Sterling been to seek you *roaring and greeting*! and I have had to bring him after you! You must go away in the carriage with him somewhere and keep him quiet!' I departed with a sigh on my difficult mission and we drove all through the *streets*! crying the whole way (that is to say *he crying*) and I bottled up beside him in his very small carriage—looking I am sure the very picture of what Harriet Martineau defined Queen Victoria to be "a young woman in prodigiously difficult circumstances'!"

That is a passage typical of her style and of her own view of herself, Carlyle's nerves and indigestion, spring cleanings, tiresome visitors, headaches, Lady Ashburton, and the sympathy which she aroused in madmen were all part of the "prodigiously difficult circumstances" in which she played out her life, and she thoroughly enjoyed the edge they gave to her pen. Most of her letters in this new book, addressed to much loved female cousins, were written in these last gasps of exasperation which tuned Mrs. Carlyle's expression to the highest pitch—and refined her perception of the ludicrous almost to morbidity.

While on the subject of domesticity it is incumbent upon me to mention in a Tory journal Maud Wyndham's "Chronicles of the Eighteenth Century" (Two vols. Hodder and Stoughton), which are a very creditable stitching together of Lyttelton family records. These chronicles begin with Sir Thomas Lyttelton who was born in 1686 and was sire of those Lytteltons who, with the Grenvilles, originally formed the elder Pitt's fighting tail.

"We dined and supped with Admiral Smith, who, though tortured still with the gravel, lost all of his sense of pain in the joy of his friends. He is the best man in the world to be at a wedding where the bride is not *afraid*, but his mirth is rather too boisterous for a very timid young virgin."

So George, now Lord Lyttelton : but Mrs. Wyndham recoils from reporting the jest. The man who made it, however, was capable of advising young officers to learn the book of Proverbs by heart and read a book of prayers daily, but to improve the tedium of long voyages with books like Rapin's "History of England" without skipping the *state of the church* and Grotin's on The Truth of the Christian Religion. Poor Smith was president of the court martial which tried Byng. This is a melancholy chapter. Voltaire, who made an immortal remark on this episode, also comes into these chronicles.

I pass to novels and to T. F. Powys, a writer who is coming into his full power. "Mark Only" (Chatto and Winders) is the name of his last book and it will provide all sentimental rhapsodists about village life with an admirable astringent antidote to their infection. Mark Only was the eldest son of Mr. Andrews, christened Mark Only by an unfortunate error of the curate's. It was unnatural to be christened "Only"·

and, indeed, Mark's life was something of a tragedy. But Mr. Powys is not sorry for him, no more than he is for any of the rustic human animals who worked and quarelled and sinned in the village of Dodderdown. He simply observes them, as he observes the actions of the cows, and puts down his observations, and his eaves droppings, in perfect form.

Mr. Powys' nature is nature, not the reflections of poetic minds upon it ; he leaves us to see that there is great beauty in this book, because like all the things that grow out of the soil and all the creatures that work upon it, it is strong and simple. Sometimes, however, a strange gleam of light transfigures what is ignoble, as the sense of mystery in the hills transfigured poor Mark Only, who plowed and died among them.

Orlo Williams.

II

COUPS d'ŒIL

Le printemps achevé, il convient de récapituler. Mais pourrons-nous conclure? Et, d'abord, y a-t-il eu véritablement ce qui, d'octobre à juillet, s'appelle « *l'année littéraire et artistique* ? » une année artistique et littéraire différant des autres années artistiques et littéraires, tout comme les simples années s'opposent par les chiffres qui les datent, les rigueurs de leurs saisons et quelques événements humains? A la vérité, trop proche des œuvres et des personnes, comment, dans cet examen de conscience obligatoire et annuel, alors même que serait possible humainement la vision juste ou l'opinion exacte, comment ne point subir (soit qu'ils agissent directement ou forcent au contraire à la réaction) les subterfuges et les sourires de la mode. La mode, d'ailleurs, fut cette année d'autant plus dangereuse qu'elle hésita, ne sut choisir, ni défendre. Lassitude et paresse, auteurs et public font comme s'ils avaient renoncé à tout espoir de nouveauté, comme s'ils n'espéraient même plus que la nouveauté pût être. Mais il faut s'entendre. Quoi de plus naturel que de condamner certains inédits factices et facilement omnibus. Des petites combinaisons de mots et de couleurs qui semblaient bien extraordinaires, sont vite tombées dans le domaine publique. Modernisme? Helleu est tout aussi moderne que Fernand Léger. C'est qu'il ne s'agit plus d'aucune formule. La formule n'est d'aucune valeur,

mais seul l'individu. Il peut sembler fort étonnant d'ailleurs qu'une semblable évidence soit en fait niée et reniée mille fois chaque jour.

Donc, certaine peinture, certaine littérature, qui firent illusion au lendemain de l'Armistice, si elles demeurent pour l'esprit, pour le cœur, pour les sens tout aussi inconfortables, n'ont même plus le pouvoir d'étonner et ressemblent tout bonnement au lamé or et noir des Galeries Lafayette. Echec complet de tous les systèmes : dada ne pouvait pas durer puisque, comme l'a remarqué Tristan Tzara *l'absence de système est encore un système* (oui, l'absence *systématique* de système) ; qui ne sourit en pensant que Fernand Léger fit une conférence sur l'esthétique de la machine ? Absence de système, esthétique de la machine ? Ce qu'il faudrait, c'est l'indifférence au système, l'indifférence à toute esthétique.

L'échec d'un modernisme qu'on voulut à la fois improviser et fabriquer de toutes pièces encourage la paresse des uns et le snobisme des autres et ce qui se baptise « un retour à la tradition ». D'où le *néo-classicisme*. Quel sera ce néo-classicisme, la maladie de demain dont nous devinons déjà les symptomes ? En fait que ce néo-classicisme soit une maladie, rien de mieux qu'il soit une maladie *volontaire et forcée*, voilà qui le condamne définitivement, car, comme l'écrit André Gide dans « *Incidences* » *(Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française) le vrai class cisme n'est pas le résultat d'une contrainte extérieure* ; *celle-ci demeure artificielle et ne produit que des œuvres académiques*.

A la vérité, il n'y a pas encore eu de manifeste d'une école néo-classique, mais, dans des réflexions, dans des articles, dans des spectacles, nous commençons à deviner moins la soif du nouveau que l'espoir du renouveau. Mais, que renouveler ? Nous sommes loin du XVIe siècle, le XVIIe est bien sévère, le XVIIIe bien usé ; quant au romantisme, nous avons trop de pudeur et trop de mesure pour vouloir remettre à la mode les cheveux au vent, les pistolets, et les désespoirs uniformément lyriques. Alors ? Alors, ceux qui ne se suffisent point à eux-mêmes, ont choisi le Second Empire. Parlant d'un Ballet dont le fond de toile reproduisait un tableau de Constantin Guys, le peintre Delaunay de s'écrire : « *En voilà encore qui cherchent à vendre la commode de leurs grands-parents* »

Ce dégoût des modernités faites en série, ce renoncement et ce retour à des grâces jusqu'alors peu estimées et jugées même assez ridicules, sont les signes d'une indifférence plus douloureuse (à considérer au fond) que le désespoir lui-même Le tourment qui suivit la guerre portait en soi un désir d'évasion. Il s'agissait, comme l'on dit, d'en sortir. Tant de jeux macabres, considérés avant 1914 comme des piments littéraires, étaient devenus des réalités. Ces réalités, il fallait les oublier puisque la force humaine ne permettait point de les tordres pour les transformer ou de les étouffer tout simplement. D'où le goût du départ, d'où le goût aussi du cosmopolitisme étourdissant

comme un jazz. Paul Morand dut son succès à des couleurs éclatantes, à des vices, à des sports et à des danses qui empêchaient le cœur de se sentir battre. Mais, cinq ans d'après guerre, et, voici que les plaisirs nous ont donné tout juste quelques manies. On a beaucoup gaché, on va gacher beaucoup encore, et c'est pourquoi les plus forts ou ceux qui se veulent les plus forts commencent à blasphémer. Dans la préface du « *Libertinage* » *(éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française)* Louis Aragon essaie des cris. Ces cris, hélas! grincent mais n'éveillent point encore le grand écho. *Voilà bien les Français avec leurs sens d'oiseaux*, écrit-il en épigraphe. Cette phrase est de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam dont le tourment, s'il fut cruel, fut aussi magnifique. Pour Aragon, il veut nous dire quelques bonnes vérités et être lui aussi cruel. Mais, il a beau avoir fait imprimer en caractères gras le *scandale pour le scandale. L'amour pour l'amour* et encore *Le scandale pour le scandale*, ces proclamations ne nous touchent guère. Il a recopié un article paru dans « *Littérature* » au mois de Mars 1921, *A bas le clair génie français*. Naïveté. Je demande à Aragon : qu'est-ce que le clair génie français, et m'étonne un peu qu'il s'en aille ainsi combattre des moulins. Quelques contes, cependant *(les Paramètres, l'Extra, la Femme Française)* émeuvent et nous feraient même rougir comme des histoires vraies. Sa préface ne peut convaincre que les trop convaincus, mais, lorsque toute sa jeunesse parle, lorsqu'elle chante sa chanson complexe, nous ne trouvons plus selon la formule devant un écrivain, mais devant un homme. A dire le vrai que l'on crie ou non *à bas le clair génie français*, voilà qui nous est bien indifférent. Aragon est le plus Français des Français. Sens d'oiseaux! je les estime plus que les sens de bœufs mais que le moineau ou le merle n'aillent pas faire comme la grenouille de la fable. Pourquoi Aragon veut-il s'enfler? Est-ce le désir de faire école? Il est trop facile de comparer la préface du Libertinage à la préface de Cronwell. Je dis que cette préface nous ne pouvons l'accepter comme acceptèrent la préface de Cronwell, les contemporains d'Hugo. La jeunesse de 1914 n'a pas encore trouvé son maître et c'est pourquoi elle erre en proie à ce que Marcel Arland appelle un *nouveau mal du siècle*. Je sais bien qu'un Drieu La Rochelle et un Montherlant — qu'ils l'aient voulu ou non, — ont reçu des mains de la critique par trop généreuse la génération en dépôt Petite cérémonie touchante, mais bien ridicule, ma parole! Pour remettre les clefs d'une ville, il faut encore que ces clefs aillent sur une porte. Que chacun demeure soi-même, que règne l'individualisme, mais que personne n'aille parler comme le fit André Breton dans les *Pas Perdus (éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française)* objectivement de ce qui est subjectif. Je m'excuse de la formule pédante, mais, à la vérité, des questions de personne sont agitées dans ce livre dont certains ont voulu faire un bréviaire de l'esprit moderne. Je m'entends. Les Pas Perdus réunissent des articles parus ça et là, mais Breton a

un style noble, sa voix se fait tragique pour parler de querelles quotidiennes. Voilà de quoi je ne saurais le blâmer du point de vue de l'absolu, mais, contemporain d'André Breton, comment ne pas appeler injustices certains jugements. Et puis, quelques affirmations, si elles n'avaient été seulement des affirmations littéraires, eûssent dû le forcer d'agir. Il proclame, par exemple, *Lâchez votre femme, lâchez vos amis, lâchez tout!* mais ne lâche rien et parce qu'il ne lâche rien, je crois qu'il se moque de moi, des autres, de tous, de tout, ne se prend pas véritablement au sérieux et parle non point en *homme*, mais en *Homme de lettres*. Marcel Arland a dit de Breton qu'il était un prophete sans la foi, mais sans la foi y a-t-il rien de plus insupportable que le ton prophétique, et ce que nous désirons impérieusement à l'heure actuelle, n'est-ce point justement la conviction profonde et réelle en ceci ou en cela, que cette conviction profonde aille jusqu'à la mort, jusqu'au désespoir, jusqu'au crime.

Dans le livre de Louis Aragon, comme dans celui de Breton d'ailleurs, se devine le désir de quelque monstrueux tourment plutôt que le tourment lui-même, d'où l'impression de certaine impureté, impureté d'ailleurs moins coupable que celle de tant d'autres écrivains opportunistes, mais impureté qu'on regrette d'autant plus qu'en bien des endroits et en bien des temps, Aragon et Breton nous avaient donné un espoir majeur. Pour n'être point descendu dans la rue où tout de même nous attendent plus de surprises que dans les plus belles pages de Lautreamont et dans les vers de Reverdi et de Germain Nouveau, Louis Aragon et André Breton tombent en pleine *littérature*. Breton d'ailleurs se vante de son inhumanité. Pour Aragon, dans sa préface, se devinent mille réminiscences littéraires. D'où son ennui, son inutilité, mais ceux de ses contes faits avec des souvenirs de regards, de chair, de chevelures, ont plus et mieux que de la sensualité et, alors que des déclarations qui, sans doute, prétendaient s'adresser à l'esprit, le laissent froid, des pages pour ainsi dire sexuelles, en chaleur, anxieuses de volupté, prennent une signification humaine qui n'est point seulement celle du sexe, de la chaleur amoureuse, de l'anxiété voluptueuse. Expériences et surprises, Aragon a découvert bien plus en se penchant sur les corps et sur les lèvres qu'en se penchant sur les livres. Au contact des autres, il a pris notion de soi, car, en vérité, des courants se créent d'individus à individus comme l'a noté Robert de Traz qui, dans « *Complices* » *(Bernard Grasset, Editeur)* a étudié l'action que les êtres exerçaient des uns aux autres. Robert de Traz estime que nous ne sommes point limités dans notre être Voilà ce que tout le monde sait aujourd'hui, mais l'affirmation de l'écrivain suisse n'est point une Lapalissade. Freud et Proust, l'un dans son laboratoire, l'autre dans les salons, ont précisé tous deux, ont montré l'influence de notre inconscient, jumeau de velours noir, aux pas de silence, mais à la volonté de fer, et que Musset lui-même

découvrit le soir que vint le visiter « *un étranger vêtu de noir qui lui ressemblait comme un frère* ».

Cet étranger vêtu de noir, les hommes aux oreilles paresseuses ne voulurent point l'entendre, mais nous, aujourd'hui, nous ne pouvons point ignorer la présence que nous sentons, que nous savons. Cette présence domine notre vie. Un mot ne suffit point pour définir chaque homme ; ni un sentiment, ni un désir. Faisceau de possibilités, dont notre inconscient, garde souvent le secret. Cet inconscient ,c'est lui qu'il faut soigner, constate Freud, c'est lui qu'il faut aimer, pense Proust qui ne se perdit tant que pour se retrouver dans les autres. Mais, donner une figure humaine à cet inconscient, voilà qui est commettre la même erreur que d'imaginer Dieu avec une très longue barbe. Pour Robert de Traz, le moi profond (le moi inconscient) jette des ponts qui relient le noyau central individuel aux autres créatures. Ainsi s'établissent des *complicités* mais, ce que les philosophes nomment la *sympathie* ne peut exister que si se trouvent offertes des occasions révélatrices. Nos semblables ne méritent ce nom que parce qu'ils sont révélateurs de nous-mêmes. Ils deviennent miroirs pour nous montrer qui nous sommes, et comme chacun d'eux est un miroir différent nous assistons à la fête ou à la tragédie de notre perpétuelle multiplicité. L'un nous désigne un profil, l'autre garde le reflet d'une attitude que nous ne savions point notre, le troisième accuse d'étranges désirs, le quatrième des tentations, mais tous une intelligence de cette matière humaine dont ils nous permettent chaque jour de deviner davantage.

C'est parce qu'il avait la hantise d'autrui que Robert de Traz fit ses « *Dépaysements* » *(Bernard Grasset, Editeur)*. Au reste, ce désir de se connaître grâce aux autres n'est point particulier à Robert de Traz. Lorsqu'il leur faut choisir définitivement leurs méthodes *(le choix des méthodes n'est-il point une première conclusion)*. Les meilleurs esprits critiques, amoureux de leur moi, ne demandent-ils point aux étrangers qui les entourent des précisions et des clartés que la solitude ne saurait leur donner. Ainsi, ce goût des voyages qui fit de Robert de Traz ce qu'on appelle un grand Européen, a poussé aussi André Germain à accomplir des *Pélerinages européens (Simon Kra, Éditeur)* et le cosmopolitisme lui-même, n'est après tout, qu'un des moyens grâce à quoi écrivains et lecteurs, en évoquant à nouveau ceux des étrangers qui les saisirent, revivront les impressions qu'ils leur durent et découvriront ainsi de nouveaux coins d'eux-mêmes.

René Crevel.

III

AMERICAN BOOKS.

Open an American magazine at any page and you will open to advertisements. Observe that the principal characteristic of the advertisements is the employment of catchwords. *Santex*, *Eversharp*, *Socony*, *Duplex*: America's contribution to an international language. If you write a book, and want to sell it in America, look sharp to your title. Take a tip from the advertisers. Find a cantrap like "Main Street" or "Babbitt" and the result will be, in the modern interpretation, magical. The American prefers ready-made phrases, and ready-to-wear clothes. The writer who looks for golden appreciation in America will seize upon a particular manifestation of life and compress it into an epigram, a time-saving word. And he will have his reward, for America is generous.

There is, for example, Mr. Gilbert Seldes's *Seven Lively Arts* (Harper & Brothers). Despite the fact that its author is a former editor of the intellectual *Dial*, despite the scrupulous elegance of Mr. Seldes's English, this book is certain to be among the "six best-sellers (non-fiction)." The title is delectable, irresistibly bright. After one has seen a book so named, it is almost impossible not to ask: "Have you read *The Seven Lively Arts*?" It is so easy, when one is at a party in a New York parlor, all silent and all damned; when the party is so slow that one must resort to conversation, to tear away the pall with a reference to the "lively arts." So enchanting is the phrase that henceforth every American will think of it when he (1) watches a music-hall performer, (2) looks at a night-club dancer, (3) chuckles over the drawings of the comic-strip designer, (4) is edified by the wit of the colyumnist (*anglicè*: paragrapher), (5) admires the art of the motion-picture director, (6) shivers temperamentally in the feverish atmosphere of the jazz-player, or (7) hums delightedly the waltz-song from a musical comedy. This list, it should hastily be confessed, is pure conjecture. The present reviewer is better acquainted with the seven sleepers of Ephesus and the seven deadly sins than with the lively arts. Mr. Seldes has admitted privately that there are "of course" no seven lively arts as such. Thus

he writes of clowns, of humorists, and of Mozart as artists of the lively sort, omitting bull-fighters, cooks, and Messieurs les Maréchaux de France. Perhaps these will be put into a second book.

I have no desire to weigh down this entertaining and exceedingly readable volume with excessive speculation. Nevertheless, it is important that its thesis, which is contained in a few pages, be detached from the volume of the work, which is concerned with appreciation and history of the lively artists. Seldes says, in a word, that that which is brisk and amusing is more valuable than that which is serious and pretentious. A jazz-baby is a more admirable object that an opera singer, an Irving Berlin than a Puccini, a Fratellini than the director of a civic pagent. Such an argument can hardly be gainsaid. There is no civilized person who would hesitate between the *Beggar's Opera*, which is not in the repertory of Covent Garden or of the Metropolitan, and *la Bohème*, which the world has agreed to call a "grand" opera. To preach the destruction of the *faux bon* is excellent ; to raise in its place (though by implication) the ephemeral and amusing is not so good. There remains still a considerable difference between Mozart and Mr. George Gershwin, between Daumier (who was not esoteric) and Goldberg, between Massine and Jolson. To lump these together as lively artists because the art of all of them is readily apprehendable is to confound the issue. Readers of Mr. Seldes's book will see without difficulty that he wrote it out of his enthusiasm for the lively arts and out of the incalculable pleasure which they have brought him. Nevertheless, he has developed a thesis which will assuredly be seized upon by the ignorant as a lever with which to raise *Chicago* and not *Carmen*, Ziegfeld and not Diaghileff, the comic-strip designer and not Maillol, to Olympian heights.

Aside from these comments, praise only may be given to Mr. Seldes's book.

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* *

Mr. Ring W. Lardner (to put it gravely) is one of Mr. Seldes's most highly appreciated entertainers. Lardner, who was a baseball writer on a middle West paper, "broke into big time" with a story published some years ago in the *Saturday Evening Post* which was entitled *You know me Al.* This title became one of the mainstays of the American language and Lardner's stories became the first written expression of the same speech. He is one of our funny-men, and America laughs at him without realising very well at whom it laughs. Because he writes "I am libel," "must of told him," and "I suppose you get meny letters from silly girls of my sex," this superior satirist is appreciated as a comic fellow and is very highly paid by the magazine and newspapers

for which he writes. His most recent book, *How to write Short Stories* (Scribner's) should sell to many thousands who will "laugh theirself sick" over it. For these readers, the cheap humor is there: "a little group of our deeper drinkers has suggested that maybe boys and gals who wants to take up writing as their life work would be benefited if some person like I was to give them a few hints in regards to the technic of the short story..." or, "Hazel Gooftree had just gone mah jong. She felt faint." But there is humor of another quality, such as the statement at the end of the preface, wherein Lardner refers to the stories contained in the volume which "will illustrate in a half-hearted way what I am trying to get at," before dating his preface from "The Mange, Great Neck, Long Island, 1924." Each of these stories is intended, for the benefit of students, to illustrate a different type of story-writing, and the fantastic notes which precede them are the most beautiful tom-foolery. Thus, the baseball story entitled *Harmony* is prefaced by this comment:

> "When this story was first printed, the literary editor of the United Cigar Stores Premium Catalogue had the following to say: 'The love story, half earthly, half spiritual, of a beautiful snare drummer and a hospital interne; unique for its word pictures of the unpleasant after effects of anaesthesia. It explains what radio is and how it works'."

A Frame-Up, a tale of prize-fighting, is called

> "A stirring romance of the Hundred Years' War, detailing the adventures in France and Castile of a pair of well-bred weasels. The story is an example of what can be done with a stub pen."

Of the ten tales, six deal with baseball and prize-fighting. These are fluent and slangy and would be totally incomprehensible to any but an American reader. They are not more remarkable than earlier stories by Lardner about the same types, though in Midge Kelly of the story called *Champion* Lardner has painted with cold ferocity and carefully neutralized indignation one of the most brutal portraits I have ever encountered in an American book. *The Facts* is a first-rate story suffering from the American tendency to invent "tricky" situations and exploit them in the form of fiction, while *Alibi Ike* (whose name was Frank X. Farrell, "and I guess the X stood for ‚Excuse me')" is a perfect study of a successful man who persistently evades the responsibilities of his success. But the tragic tales are those called *The Golden Honeymoon* ("a story with ‚sex appeal'") and *Some Like Them Cold*. The first is a report of a wedding-anniversary trip to Florida, told by the aged husband. All the crass, unimaginative poverty of soul of the American *bourgeoisie* is in this "funny" tale. And *Some Like Them Cold* is more terrible, more harrowing, more pitiful. This exchange of letters between a Chicago stenographer and an ambitious jazz-composer in New York (who may event-

ually have succeeded, and become a lively artist) encountered by chance in a railway station is the most helpless and discouraging picture of two Americans that may be imagined. It is a masterpiece of—in the phrase made vulgar by repetition—pity and irony. The form in which it is cast is perfect. Nothing that these poor, ugly creatures might do or say would strip them so absolutely to their drab, unsightly souls as letter-writing. The hollow heartiness of the man, the coyness and pretension to good-breeding of the girl are miraculously expressed through the medium of language alone—of the American language, for no writer of English would have been able to give us these Chicagoans. This is, to my mind, Lardner's best story, and it seems to prove that his familiarity with the visible world of America is unmatched by anyone now writing.

* * *

For Paul Rosenfeld, a leading American music critic, the "visible world" of Ring Lardner hardly exists. In *Port of New York* (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) Rosenfeld has written a serious book about America—specifically, about fourteen American painters, critics, poets, composers, novelists, teachers—and about Alfred Stieglitz, the artist-photographer. "During the last eight or seven years," he writes, "the works of fourteen men and women at different times gave me the happy sense of a new spirit dawning in American life, and awakened a sense of wealth, of confidence, and of power which was not there before."

All of Rosenfeld's work is crowded with ideas. In the present volume it is easy to dissociate two as guiding principles. The first is that in America there is an artificial division of the man, so that his spiritual nature, far from being nourished, is actually starved by his physical nature. The second is that in America the creative life is destroyed by the acquisitive life. "Of life based upon the whole and developed personality, there is scarcely any." Rosenfeld is essentially religious in spirit and synthetic in mind: he wants things bound together and integrated and growing. So in spite of the happy feeling he has received, his work is unhappy. He derives from Van Wyck Brooks,—as the ideas noted indicate, and as he indicates in a masterly essay on Brooks—and shares with him a deep unhappiness about America.

Like all mystics, Rosenfeld is on undebatable ground. Give him a picture of New York to etch, a conversation at "291" to render, or a piece of music by Sessions to interpret, and he is very nearly matchless in America. Give him the changing place of Brooks to consider and account for, and you will know how a critic can be just. But the tendency to take everything and everybody at white heat ends by making the reader callous to too many raptures, to many ardours and passions.

This shows in Rosenfeld's two faults: he is too long, and he jams words together so that it is hard to read them. The element of rhapsody is too prevalent; and like most mystics, Rosenfeld is indifferent to space and time. He is, none the less, one of the few intelligent, cultivated, and aware young Americans. He is one of the few critics who take pleasure in art and can reveal it. Those who do not share his mysticism may recall Nietzsche's remark that he could forgive Christianity everything but the corruption it worked on Pascal's mind. There is always the chance that Nietzsche was wrong and that the reason Rosenfeld is so fine is because he is so exalted.

Lewis Galantière.

THE ROVER

by JOSEPH CONRAD.

(London. T. Fisher Unwin.)

I read *Romance* for the first time in the solitude of an English prison. The Book of Kings, Isaiah's harsh splendour and the voluptuous majesty of the Song of Solomon had tempered my weariness for several months, but somehow—a reminisence of schooldays, perhaps—I always looked upon the Bible as prison reading. *Romance* was a real book, a book written by a man and not by the heavy finger of God. In that emptiness, where no new thing ever enters, it took possession of my eyes and ears. My cell grew full of aromatic bales, fading into the shadows of Don Ramon's warehouse; Thomas Castro walked with me around the patch of rotting cabbage-stalks that was our exercise ground; even Seraphina visited me occasionally, keeping modestly to the dark places, an indistinct but sympathetic form. It was all amazingly concrete. I *saw* that warehouse; I saw the bay and its town, the hovels, the cathedral, the palace; I watched the hanging of the pirates at Kingston; and when I came to the long trial at the end of the book I heard the rustle of the public and the muttering of the turnkeys to one another.

Science addresses itself to an austere intellectual comprehension, but all imaginative art must reach its audience through the senses. Unless the eye sees, the heart will not understand. An argument explains itself in terms conventionally defined and consciously learned by the reader but poetry and fiction must make use of words whose meaning changes almost every time they are employed, is modified by the context and coloured by indefinable adjectives; words that are not precisely understood by those to whom they are addressed, but are translated freely and broadly into visual images. Whatever the writer has to say must be conveyed by these images, over the formation of which he has no direct control. What a word means to

a man is largely a personal matter. The word *ship* may mean to Robinson, primarily, a modern ocean liner; to Jones, a tea-clipper of the old China trade; to Brown, a yacht; to Smith, the fo'c'stle of the tramp that once carried him, an adventurous deck-hand, on his first deep-sea voyage. A detailed description of a ship, of course, amounts to a definition of the authors' use of the term, and all these men will understand the same thing by it: but the effort of memory required to retain the definition, shifts the centre of understanding from the unconscious, natural heart to the conscious, self-conscious head. The story or poem becomes a series of statements about a certain ship—a kind of argument to which a man's inner ears are closed.

This is the aim of all poetic fiction: to lengthen a man's life by adding to the number of things that have rejoiced or harrowed him and to the number of people he has known; to multiply remembrance until a man of three score and ten, looking back not merely on his own life, but on many lives known to him as intimately as his own, may have the fulness that three hundred years would not give him had he never read a book.

Some of Mr. Conrad's books—most of them, in fact—do attain their object as nearly as any that have been written for generations. You could not clip and prune them for the satisfaction of limp brains. If any person fails to understand them as they are it is because that person does not understand the English language, for *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Youth*, *Typhoon*, *The Secret Agent* and the rest are already as clear as daylight. They show a series of people as real as and much more fascinating than your neighbours, living in places as solid as Bloomsbury (when you have read about them) or on the everlasting sea that scarcely seems to need Mr. Conrad's vivid love to make it in all its change and its monotony, a present force to Englishmen. It would be useless, therefore, as well as impertinent, for me to expatiate on Mr. Conrad's themes or to discuss his stories. Those who do not already know them can only truly satisfy their curiosity by reading them. I would like to write about *how he does it*.

I wish I knew.

In *The Rover* I can find no clue to it. There is no passage in the whole book that stands out from its fellows or can be analysed without the context. In fact Mr. Conrad has allowed the delicacy of his writing to be partially obscured by some of the other elements that must combine with it to make a book. His easy, seamanlike morality of courage and forbearance; his romantic love of a picturesque sea era when all voyages were arduous and every sailor who had grown old on the sea was a blend of hero and ruffian; his study of the wars of Nelson, looked at, not coldly, as an historian, but ardently, with the detailed appreciation of a captain who never "went into steam"; these things have taken most of his attention. The writing

is Mr. Conrad's writing—it is better than almost any we see nowadays—but it is not conspicuous : it is not on writing in the narrower sense that the book depends. The "layout" is such as Mr. Conrad has accustomed us to : the life and character of his people is shown in the events and reflections of little more than one day. The author casts back from these events, explaining motives and clearing up the past only when the reader must feel the need of such explanation. This treatment loses the formal beauty of simplicity but more than makes up the loss by the easiness it seems to give to narrative—narrative that in unexpert hands falls so often into the stiff dulness of chronology. In one day the story of *The Rover* is summed and ended. Mr. Conrad adds a kind of epilogue which seems to me to be unnecessary and even a bit of a bore. The emotion I felt on page 311 was dead before I reached page 317, when, everyone being accounted for, those who lived happily ever afterwards and those who merely lived, the book ends six pages too late.

I am not a moralist nor a historian nor a sailor—I have no critical title whereby I can judge a book apart for its sheer writing. I can only say, very inadequately, that *The Rover* moved me, as I expect a book by Mr. Conrad to move me.

B. Bunting.

The great cost and difficulty in obtaining foreign books in whichever country the reader may be, is notorious. A book published at francs 7.50 in Paris will often in London be obtainable only at 5/- to 7/6 which is equivalent to 17 to 27 francs and the charge for French books in the United States is even higher pro rata. Similarly, residents in France have to pay for English or American books prices in francs which will be nearly double the published price.

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